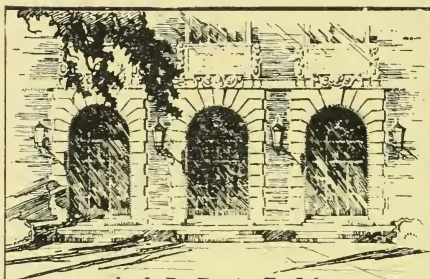





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THE
O L D
S C H O O L.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:

AS YOU LIKE IT.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET,
PORTLAND-PLACE.

1813.

JOHN

JOHN

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JOHN

Printed by J. BARFIELD, 91, Wardour-Street, Soho.

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THE
OLD SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.

FUTURE STATE.—CAMPBELL AND
SELINA.—FAMILY PRIDE.—VISIT
TO THE COUNTRY.—LETTERS.

Jerningham Hall, Oct. 5. 1811.

ON Sunday, Mrs. Cooper is, invariably, our visitor.—Yesterday afternoon was misty, and unfit for walking out. Campbell could not be of that party, and this was his day.

The evening, however, proved lovely and tranquil; a mild grey tint threw its
VOL. II. B softening

softening influence over every object ; and the approach of night began to give that indistinctness to all nature, which, to a glowing imagination, greatly brightens her charms.—A general stillness prevailed : all was soft and beauteous.

“ I have often,” said Mrs. Cooper, “ compared the closing of the day to the decline of life ; the coming on of night, to the approach of that period, when, after a short oblivion of sorrow, we shall rise again to bright and eternal day. With what tranquillity do we contemplate the approach of night ! Every object gradually receding from us ; we thus lose our attachment to them, and convinced that a bright day shall again rise, tranquilly resign ourselves into the arms of sleep. Such, to a reflecting mind, is life—one object after another recedes from us, and often, long before death, some kind and heavenly warnings gently detach us from existence : till, by the loss of
whatever

whatever the soul held most dear on earth, it is prepared to resign itself into the hands of HIM who called it into life." The dear woman's voice failed a little; Campbell fixed his eyes upon her with an expression of tender respect, which, I thought, rendered him more interesting than ever. Selina looked out of the window; the recollection of the late anxious period was too much for her.

"I fear," added Lady Jerningham, "that without such losses and trials, we should become so strongly attached to life, that at no age would the thoughts of resigning it, be readily submitted to by us." "But yet," replied Mrs. Cooper, "when our dearest connections are gone before us, with what comfort do we think of rejoining them! And how many hopes render that thought delightful to us.

"We loved them here as frail and erring beings, like ourselves. We shall, I trust, again embrace them, divested of those failings, which wounded our hearts,

and rendered themselves unhappy; and find all their virtues heightened beyond our present conceptions: then shall we all rejoice in our tender feelings, and all our harsh ones shall depart as the passing day." Dr. Burton. "It may be questioned, dear madam, how far we may be allowed to dwell, with confidence, upon the prospect of a re-union with those who may happen to have been greatly defective in religious faith or practice: with those who have lived as without God in the world, though not openly denying him." Mrs. Cooper. "We cannot fathom the depth of God's mercy: we must not presume—yet, how can we resign the hope of a re-union with those whom we have once loved—with whom we have affectionately been connected? our destinies seem as one! If, however, our hopes are not answered, no painful remembrance will, I trust, remain to afflict us." Sir William. "The subject is inexhaustible—it is almost dangerous to pursue

sue it too far—the hidden things of God are not for the discussion of us finite mortals; yet the soul is always in search of something beyond its present limited possessions: and upon this subject, I do not know any thing so truly satisfactory and gratifying to the pious Christian, as Miss BOWDLER's *Essay on a Future State*.—It is avowedly taken from a French writer, but full of the most exalted ideas. This is one of the books which should compose a young lady's library, not to be once read over; but to be occasionally perused in private." Mrs. Cooper. "It is well to indulge in such contemplations in youth; for when every thing else is sinking from our grasp, then shall these hopes fill our craving and capacious soul, and shut out all regret for our present bubbles; yet, I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed."

I believe I forgot to mention the departure of Mr. Jerningham, the middle of this month: he and his man took flight for some watering place, and he will continue hovering upon the coast, till cold and weariness drive him to shelter in his nest in town.

What a disconsolate, vacant, listless life is that of a man without a family to attach him to any spot; without any profession, or main object of pursuit—without any settled plan of usefulness or benefit to himself or others! The rambling habit becomes, in time, invincible, and woe betide the woman who may chance to tie herself to one of these *birds of passage*. She must either live on the wing with him, or remain *sola*, behind; perhaps the best alternative, though not quite the most commendable; certainly, not the most desirable.

But

But that the rambling habit is not confined to the male sex, candour obliges me to confess: for there are females who *have no homes*. And how much more of dignity do they lose by this method of living, than the other sex, since a woman's home is *her throne*: the spot where she does, or ought to appear in all her glory—that is—in modest, retired, contemplative, useful splendour: the splendour of unsullied virtue, and active beneficence.

Oct. 6.

At length, all our difficulties are happily overcome: Miss Jerningham has plainly declared she never could think seriously of such a *countrified* Scotchman as Campbell, and that merely the wishes of an old man would never have any weight with her. This *frank* declaration sets the

delicate mind of Selina quite at ease ; and the delighted Campbell is sanctioned in pouring forth his heart to her.

They seem now entirely at their liberty ; and long walks, without fatigue ; long fastings without hunger, announce the meridian of a sentiment, which so completely fills the soul as to leave no vacuity ; no want of common earthly refectious, rest, sleep, or food.

After a month of sickness and sentimental discomposure, Frederick is now so much raised above his usual pitch, (not a low one,) as to require more than even the influence of Selina to keep him within the bounds she wishes, most particularly in regard to her sister ; delicately to avoid all particularity, or whatever might have the appearance of triumph.

On Saturday morning, the four youngest ladies having left the room together, after breakfast, Campbell, aware of their kind of engagement, followed soon after, and took the liberty to introduce himself into
the

the poor's work-room. I heard such merriment, that I was induced to open my chamber door, when out bounced Frederick dressed in a poor woman's blue petticoat, red cloak, and mob cap, the two youngest girls running and pulling him with wild playfulness, to Mrs. Cooper's door, which being opened, a fresh burst of laughing followed; the good lady enjoying as much as any one, the awkward appearance and strides of this naturally elegant young man, in his new *costume*. Happy age, I exclaimed, and happy young creatures, where mirth, innocence, and goodness unite to bless your opening days.



October 8.

It is really a very strange thing; but those young men are never satisfied; no sooner is one point gained, than they are

B 5

thinking

thinking of farther requests—just regularly received as lovers, and they begin to talk of times and seasons; nay, even days. There has been a sort of consultation-general, in various divisions. The young man, it seems, had the presumption to talk of his birth-day, in next month, for the happy period.

Selina has been talking with her mother. I was reading by the window. “Indeed, mamma, I cannot think of any early time; there is a kind of delicacy due to these peculiar circumstances. Frederick entered this house as the intended lover of my sister; an alteration has taken place, by mutual consent, yet I cannot bear even the suspicion of being too ready to fix this apparent changeableness. I am in no hurry to leave my mamma, I have much still to learn from her.” Lady Jerningham embraced her with tenderness:---“All the sentiment and delicacy that I could wish: but you must endeavour

vour, my dear, to moderate the impatience of our young friend."

Sir William, it seems, has taken him in hand; but he is not very manageable. In addition to these arguments of Selina, he added: "You are both young, Frederick; Selina not quite nineteen, and you not yet twenty-three." Campbell. "Next month, Sir—and indeed I shall not be any *wiser*;—let that be the time." Sir William. "Your good friend, Dr. Burton, talked of a tour into the West of England; that may occupy the remainder of the year." "Oh! Sir! the remainder of the year!" Sir William. "In a few weeks we think of going to town, and you may meet us there, and settle yourself in some desirable residence, not far from Cavendish-square. We shall see you often, nay, we hope daily, at our table; and we shall have the pleasure of introducing you to many valuable friends, as our *intended* son-in-law." Campbell. "Ah! dear Sir, why not as your

actual happy son-in-law. Sir William. "For every *Ah!* and *Oh!* I shall put on a week at least, to your waiting time;" in a sort of *badinage*. Campbell. "Dear Sir, without an *oh*, have pity on me! we have been long acquainted—long attached." Sir William. "Three months, I think; an immensely long period!"

Sir William says, that before they parted, he saw warmth and impatience rising; something was muttered about "easy coolness:" but he was a little deaf—made every allowance for his disposition and situation, and, pressing his hand, joined the family party.

Dr. Burton is quite on Sir William's side of the question; and so I believe this important matter is likely to be settled. In a short time, the Doctor and his young friend will set out on their journey; and early in the spring, we may hope to see these amiable young persons united for life. Thus will the wishes of Campbell's father be fulfilled, as far as they

they can be ;—his own entirely. Sir William and Lady Jerningham, happy in so unexceptionable a connection for their daughter ; and the young man spared the misery of being united to a fine lady.

October 10.

FAMILY PRIDE happened to be the subject of our conversation last night. Campbell, in rather a decisive tone, said, “ Of all absurd pride, that of *family* is surely the most ridiculous ; that any man should fancy himself exalted by what his ancestors have done ; or that the family pedigree being uncontaminated by any base alliance, unstained by vice or meanness, should give a man a claim to consequence ; proves, pretty clearly, that he has little merit of his own to pride himself upon.” Dr. Burton, with an arch

arch smile. "There we go, all, or nothing! no middle way; no compromise between absurd pride, and the noble exultation of unstained family honour and excellence! What say you, Sir William,—you who have not had many persons transported in your family?" Sir William. "That not having any thing to plume *myself* upon, I cannot but exult in the known loyalty, honour, and virtue of a line of progenitors, of whom I have heard my father speak with delight and reverence; his own bright example, a life unstained by any glaring offence, completing the unsullied line. Would to heaven that his son"—"May be followed by one worthy of *him*," said Henry. Sir William smiled at this pretty turn, and continued. "I was once, Campbell, when very young, rather of your way of thinking; but observation and reflection have convinced me that no one, who ever felt the value of family distinction, could despise it;—when I say family distinctions,
I leave

I leave nobility and wealth out of the question; they are adventitious: but, I am conscious that exalted feelings and virtuous propensities are transmitted to posterity, as well as features and complexion." Mrs. Conyers. "There is a sufficient anxiety among our men of fashion, respecting the pedigree of their dogs and horses, and we have a right to imagine, that they consider this matter of considerable consequence in regard to their future performances. Let, at least, an equal care be exercised in regard to their sons and daughters:—Talents, virtue, and correctness of manners, are inheritable; and I have known the tone of a whole family lowered by the head of it choosing that his cook-maid should be the mother of the noble heir of it. When a man thus debases the dignity of his family, he is guilty of a fault which he never can repair; and our nobility have much to answer for, in contaminating the blood of their ancestors by marriages

so greatly beneath them. A little decent family pride, might, perhaps, have kept them from associating with *actresses* and *butchers' daughters*, which leads to such connections." Lady Jerningham. "I was once introduced to two ladies, grand-daughters to a baronet, of good family:—it struck me that there was a something vulgar in their aspect. I afterwards learned that it had pleased their mother to marry a coachman, in preference to a man of her own rank. Of course, no one means to speak with contempt of any rank in life, or occupation: cooks, sempstresses, milliners, and actresses, are all very well in their way; but we would not wish our sons to make them part of our family." Campbell. "There are, certainly, many exceptions to the rules you are laying down—many persons raised from the lowest stations, by their inherent excellence and dignity of soul—and, *vice versa*, many of high birth who have most woefully degraded their families

milies in every respect." Dr. Burton. "Doubtless, my young friend, there are many exceptions to our principles, but their proportions are not great. We speak of general consequences, and must leave exceptions to take their chance:—but certainly I would rather a daughter of mine should marry the descendant of a BOYLE, or a BEATTIE, than of any tinker or tailor." Selina. "Why, Frederick, I have heard you speak, as if exalted by the recollection of the heroism and great qualities of your father and grandfather; both of whom died in consequence of their zealous service to their king and country; and both left behind them unstained reputations." Frederick, (looking out of the window at nothing,) "Yes, I venerate"—we guessed the rest; and his present feelings appeared to contradict his former assertions.

In a few days, Dr. Burton and his young friend will commence their journey; the latter, not very willingly; but they contrive to manage him among them; and Selina said, very freely: "Frederick, I want to have certain demonstration of your epistolary talents; I have never seen a letter of your's." Campbell answered in a half-peevish tone: "*I* am content to *believe* that Selina writes a good letter."

Oct. 18.

Lady Jerningham has just shewn me a letter from Frederick, with which I was so much pleased, that I solicited leave to transcribe it into my packet. The first letter, she says, was such a tissue of rapture and complaint, like a *shot silk*, I imagine, as to be totally uninteresting to
any

any but her to whom it was addressed : but the young man seems in this to grow a little rational, though of an ardent disposition in all his movements.

“ My Selina asks me in what way I shall employ this period of my banishment? A natural question, and not an unimportant one to him, who has, for so long a time, enjoyed the contemplation of so accomplished a being—the young counterpart of the most excellent of women; the follower of her steps in piety, tenderness, and active charity—in every thing that sweetens and endears existence. Will not the recollection of her modest goodness afford me a continual subject of delight, and a model, upon which to form my own heart, and regulate my own feelings, naturally too eager and impetuous? Does not she, in her own sweet expressions, set me an example of what I ought to endeavour to attain, for my own improvement?

‘I want

‘I want a little time, Frederick,’ (you say) ‘to finish some reading, which mamma particularly recommends to me—to acquire, more perfectly, her excellent habits—to arrange and regulate, more usefully, my time—and to gain a little more experience in household matters—in short, to prepare myself, in a higher degree, for the matronly character I am some day to assume.’

“And have not I, think you, Selina, much to reflect upon, and regulate in my mind and habits: though not blessed with such parents as your’s? Is not my kind Mentor every thing to me? And shall I not, now, more anxiously endeavour to transfuse into my daily habits, all his excellent principles, and, perhaps, transcribe into a little manuscript, the experience and knowledge, I have hitherto gained, and may still gain from him? Should I not weigh well, the importance of that character, the head of a family, which I am, before long, thank God! to
be

be invested with? one, who is to consider himself, in a great degree, responsible for the conduct of numbers who may be influenced by his example and watchful care—and to whom, perhaps, future souls may be committed in sacred trust?

“O, my Selina, how awful, yet delightful a thought is involved in that responsibility! How ought it to animate all those who rightly feel, to keep themselves free from all evil, that they may be fit to conduct these infant spirits through virtue and purity to eternal bliss!

“May I not, with the assistance of my best friend, form schemes and plans for our mutual improvement; for so young is my Selina, she may still have much to gain in knowledge and taste, and, indeed, who has not? We will endeavour to improve each other, and I will be a little more tractable, my Selina, than I was about the prancing horse.—O, the charming creature!—The horse, I mean—was he
not

not the means of discovering to me the interest I possessed in a heart I so highly value, an interest which I had never dared to flatter myself with the hope of? Never can I forget that attractive paleness, which rendered Selina more beautiful in my eyes, than the most brilliant changing colour I had often admired; but the emotion and delight had nearly been too much for me, in my invalid state; my palpitating heart beat a little too fast;—did not an alarming rambling overpower me?

“ I waked, as from a feverish dream—a merciful providence, at length, restored me, I trust, to happiness and virtue—but to what a state of debility and languor! A pretty figure, the confident gay manager of a furious steed then made! I was, absolutely, frightened at my own physiognomy.—But did not my sweet Selina smile upon me, herself nearly as much reduced?

“ How

“How exquisite were my feelings and hopes, when, removed to a couch, and gradually gaining strength, she again, accompanied by her mother, entered my room!—I saw her tender compassion—but, reduced as I was, my feelings were all become tranquil and gentle; a sweet calm reigned in my breast. I was sensible of my love for her; but still sensible of a feeling more exalted, and paramount to every other—the most devout gratitude, that I was again permitted to behold her in my recovered senses—and though a misty uncertainty hung over me, yet I was resigned and tranquil under the faint hope, that the Being who had thus deigned to restore, might at length bless his erring creature.

“How I thank your dear sister for not liking me; for finding the *unfashioned Caledonian* quite unworthy of her distinguished approbation! Could I be bound to endeavour to make myself agreeable to a woman, in whom there was evidently no congeniality

congeniality of soul? surely not.—And now, thank God! we are at liberty, and a revered father's wishes will be answered, so far as they can be: had he lived, Selina, he must have approved my choice. But this tiresome absence! I begin already to be impatient, though it has but just commenced.—My excellent tutor is endeavouring to fix my attention to many important objects. I am, I fear, sadly wandering, yet I will try. We travel all the mornings, and read and meditate in the evenings. Send me a long lecture on the necessity of quiet and steady application.

“I have just thought of a method to fix my unsettled ideas. I will keep a journal of the result of our morning journies, and our evening lectures and conversations.

“The thought of amusing and interesting her I most love, will lend animation to every object and conversation, and industry to my pen.

Adieu, dearest of human beings.”

THE period approaches, that I am again to embrace my dear aunt; and I think of it with pleasure—Yet can I quit this interesting family, without “casting a lingering look behind?” those with whom I have passed so many delightful hours, from whose family converse I have gleaned so many new and valuable ideas and communications?

How extensive and salutary is the influence of one truly estimable and united family to their neighbourhood; their poor, their domestics, and those who may happily become united to them! How valuable to Campbell the union with such a family!—To characters of strong and ardent feelings, the habits and manners of those to whom they early attach themselves, and with whom they associate, frequently stamp their happiness for life, and fix a mind which might otherwise have wandered in error and self delusion.

How truly fortunate for him that the wishes of a parent led him to a family connection, where, his own warm feelings being answered, judgment sanctions his choice, and virtue and happiness promise to brighten his future days !

Adieu, dear Madam,

A. S.

CHAPTER II.

RETURN TO JERNINGHAM HALL.—AMUSING
BUSTLE.—MARRIAGE OF CAMPBELL AND
SELINA.—IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION.

*Jerningham Hall, *May 5, 1812.*

BEHOLD me once more an inmate with my estimable friends at the Hall; and retired to my pretty writing closet, again to hold pleasant converse with my dear aunt, upon the past, the present, and probable future.

I cannot give you any detail of our jour-

* An error in the dates has been made in the following part of this volume, which was not discovered by the publisher until the work was nearly finished; MAY should have been inserted instead of JANUARY, in the following dates, and so on. He hopes for the indulgence of the public, and to be able, in another edition, to correct this and some other errors.

ney,

ney, which was certainly not a pleasurable one: the roads were almost impassable, and the cold was so great, that all the aid of muffs, tippets, furs, and pelisses, could scarcely preserve us in a moderate state of comfort.

I parted from you somewhat abruptly; but the unexpected offer of Lady Jer-ningham to give me a corner in her coach, made my departure sudden, and I felt that I had much to say to my respected friend, as we proceeded on our journey.

How have we enjoyed, together, the society of this happy family; how admired the correct and temperate manner in which these two young persons, soon to be united, enjoyed their London visit! Instead of eagerly and incessantly running into public, one good play (Sir William, you know, is not particularly partial to the theatre,) one opera, one or two concerts and private balls, many pleasant dinner and evening parties, constituted their chief amusements; their most truly happy evenings being, I have reason to think, those passed in the family circle at home, discussing the characters and incidents they had met with, and reading new publications. Their mornings were frequently varied by the survey of those exhibitions
of

of the perfection of the arts, so numerous in the metropolis, and a particular attention to the British Museum, that compendium of curious natural productions and remains of antiquity;—the happy Campbell a constant partaker of these highly rational enjoyments.

He is not yet of our party here, but is expected in a few days; his travelling carriage not being quite ready. Mr. Jerningham, I understand, is to accompany him; but he introduces himself, at least without any *very pressing* invitation. I am ready to suspect there is an attraction.

In the afternoon of our arrival here, Lady Jerningham, Selina, and myself, rambled into the village: and truly delightful it was to witness the unfeigned joy of these deserving poor, upon the return of their best friends. All the women issued forth from their houses, impatient to greet them with smiles and courtesies.—One old woman actually

cried for joy. "She did not think," she said, "to see her dear Miss Selina any more." The whole village seemed in a joyful bustle, the children following us in little troops. Who would willingly resign such pleasures, for the insipid gratification of being always in the crowd of dissipation, doing no good to any one, and experiencing no heart-felt delight?

Jan. 6.

WE have had an amusing little bustle in the house, in which I thought Selina exhibited more of the female, than I had hitherto had an opportunity of observing. We had expected Frederick on Tuesday, to dinner, according to a letter received the day before, but he did not come.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, Lady Jerningham was called out. It seems, that a pretty young woman, apparently

apparently in distress of mind, had inquired very anxiously for Mr. Campbell, and upon being told he was not there, appeared greatly disappointed and affected. They requested to know her business: "No," she said, "she could not communicate that to any body;" and was going away in tears. In the mean time, Lady Jerningham came in, and questioned her more particularly: "Are you sure it is Mr. Campbell that you want to see?" "O yes, my Lady! do you think I don't know him?—Dear young gentleman! he told me if ever I was distressed, to let him know, but not to tell any body all how and about it:" and courtesying, she walked off in seeming hurry and confusion. All this soon reached Selina, who appeared perplexed and uneasy. "A pretty young woman! What can be the meaning of this, mamma? I wish I had seen her. Dear young gentleman, indeed!"

Our

Our fair young friend had been mortified at her lover not returning the day before, according to expectation; and a cloud hung over her countenance, which the inquiry of this rustic damsel did not help to disperse. Just before dinner, the two gentlemen arrived. Campbell hastened into the house, but the cloud was instantly visible to his quick eye. "My Selina!—any thing the matter?" "Matter? yes, matter enough to condemn any man," said Maria:—"Come, stand up, culprit!—No retreating to the sofa! The witnesses are all assembled for your trial, and a severe inexorable judge is on the bench; so expect no mercy. In the first place, not true to your appointment."—"That was Jerningham's fault." "Granted. —Secondly—tremble, culprit!—a pretty young woman, in tears, has been inquiring after you."—"Hang it!" said Campbell, turning suddenly round, with an affected embarrassment, "this is rather awkward."

awkward." "I thought," said Jerningham, "some such thing would happen, from your want of precaution; these things should be settled properly, or not at all." Campbell pretended to be displeased; but I, who was a cool looker-on, saw security and playful *badinage* lurking in his countenance, with a little wicked disposition to teize Selina for her gravity. The poor girl, not able to cast off the cloud, and seeing others disposed to laugh, but unable herself to join in it, quitted the room, in some little emotion. "Would it not be as well, Frederick, to give the clear explanation of this mystery?" said Lady Jerningham. "My dear madam, is it necessary I should say to my Selina, that I am not a deceiver? I had rather any other person should tell the real story than myself." Soon afterwards, we sat down to dinner; Selina was far from being her bright self: and Campbell, not a little enjoying her punishment, for her want of entire confidence, was full of

general conversation. When we walked out in the afternoon: "Will Selina and Maria walk with me, to visit this weeping fair?" said Campbell; "it is but two miles." "No, it is too far," said the mortified girl.—"Then I must e'en go by myself," said he, and strided off at a quick pace.

Lady Jerningham looked at Mr. Jerningham, imagining that he might know something of this mysterious affair. "You all deserve," said he, "to remain under the chill fog of distrust, for doubting one moment of the truth and good faith of my worthy Campbell, open and noble as his countenance and conduct so invariably are: but, in justice to him, I must, as far as I can, tell his story.

"As we were riding together, last autumn, we passed a cottage that appeared to be the abode of the greatest distress. A young man, apparently in a deep decline, with a child on his knee, was sitting upon a log at the door; a young
woman

woman weeping bitterly within; some rough-looking fellows taking away their goods. Campbell immediately alighted, and found that this poor young couple being unable to pay their rent, through the sickness of the husband, their goods had become the forfeit. Campbell immediately paid the rent, and took a receipt of these stern agents of a rich landlord; and calling the woman aside, learned from her, that her husband, long in a weakly state, had greatly injured himself by attempting to labour, when unable, and was now *desperate* bad indeed; the doctor did not think he could recover; and all she could gain was not sufficient to procure him the nourishment that he required. My young friend gave her some money, and told her, should she, at any time, be distressed, to inquire for him at Sir William Jerningham's; but not to mention her business to any one: and he called again before he left the country."

Poor Selina took out her handkerchief, and loitered behind. Most impatiently did she look for Campbell's return, as we walked up and down; and when he appeared, stepping forward a few paces to meet him, she held out her hand, but was unable to speak.—“What! forgiven already?” said he; “how kind!”—“Ah, Frederick!” her eyes full of tears, “it is I who must—be forgiven—I know all; what could make me so petulant and unjust?”—“A little previous discontent that I could not keep my appointment. But allow me, dear Selina, just to observe, that without mutual and perfect confidence, we can never be happy. If, upon any unexplained circumstance, that fair brow is to be clouded with doubts, it must undermine our purest felicity. And when I shall be a happier man than at present, should I chance not to return at the appointed hour, do not prepare for me a cold and angry face.” “I will not,” said she; “pardon! pardon!”—And he
kissed

kissed her hand with all his native warmth. "But, how is your poor young woman, Frederick?" "She is unhappy, Selina: she has lost the husband of her youth; we will go together and comfort her, to-morrow." "She shall want nothing that we can do for her," said the penitent girl; and again all was harmony. "I declare, I am quite disappointed," said Maria: "I was in hopes to prove this hero a traitor, and here he comes forth quite purified!" "I could not, for a moment," said Sir William, "entertain a doubt upon the subject: but I was determined, Campbell, that you should fight your own battle—and that Selina should take her own lesson; and if ever she should give you any of her grave airs in future, I beg, you will not fail to remind her of the pretty weeping cottager, and her pretty pensive looks upon the occasion." Selina smiled through her tears, and Campbell promised not to spare her.

Jan. 8.

OUR estimable friend from the North is arrived, to witness the approaching happiness of his beloved pupil. Selina flew to meet him, and he embraced her with the affection of a father. Every look and expression shews how completely his heart is satisfied on the score of his young friend. I have reason to suppose the day is fixed, but it is not spoken of. And how is it," said I to Lady Jerningham, "that here is no sort of bustle—no preparatory arrangements in the house?" "In truth, said her ladyship, "of all preparatory bustles I most dislike that which generally precedes a wedding. Such as I have occasionally witnessed, have filled me with astonishment—I could almost say, disgust. Racketting from one end of London to the other, in parties, to ransack shops of various kinds, for the most fashionable and costly articles; everlasting

ing consultations; mantua-makers coming and going; bonnets, caps, and cloaks, strewing the apartments: fretting and fuming about the make of some article of decoration; in short, such an uproar, such seeming anxiety to appear very dashing and splendid, as if that were the most important part of the solemn change; and the probable happiness of the young couple was to be estimated by the number and elegance of the habiliments exhibited and talked of at a fashionable dress-maker's.

“I could never,” continued Lady Jer-
ningham, “see the necessity of this bustle;
nor, if I speak my mind freely, the femi-
nine delicacy, of marking so very exult-
ingly the intended change of name and
situation, with the childish vanity and pa-
rade that accompany it. Sir William
compliments Selina with two hundred
pounds, to employ as she pleases; and
I am much mistaken, if half of it will be
expended upon herself at present. We
shall

shall have a few dresses quietly from town, and what she does not require now, can be just as well procured at any future time."

I said there were no bustles; but I have discovered a little one up stairs, which has pleased me much. The young ladies were, I thought, rather less with us than usual, and Eliza was often coming in and whispering her mother; when this morning my pretty Sophia drew me by the hand up stairs: "You shall see, now Selina's out, how happy we have been this week past." On entering the work-room, there were twelve black bonnets and handkerchiefs, for their old women, and twenty coarse straw bonnets, with white strings, and as many white tippets, for their school. "And when are these to be worn?" said I.—Sophia.

"When

“When dear Selina is married;” and she jumped about the room for joy—“but we are not to talk about it down stairs, you know.” All this, of course, comes out of Selina’s purse, with many presents, probably to domestics and others.

Jan. 13.

I HAVE never been so pleased with any wedding, as with this; and that, because there is nothing to describe in the usual way. The day before yesterday, Lady Jerningham gave me a hint, to put out my clean gown for the next morning; and added, “We shall meet at breakfast.”

In the evening, when we were assembled at tea as usual, Sophia came running in, and throwing her arms round Selina’s neck, in order to whisper more commodiously, said, almost aloud: “Sister,
ter,

ter, *I may* go to church with you to-morrow, may'nt I?" "Pooh, no," said Selina, "nonsense;" thinking to silence her. "But I *must* go, indeed, for all you frown so." The laugh became general, and Frederick starting up, and throwing his arms round the little girl, with his own lively expression: "So you shall, Sophia, for all she frowns so: you and I will go together." "O, no; you and the bride must go together, and we follow."

"O, ho," says Mr. Jerningham, "the murder's out;" and rising, with a ceremonious bow, "Pray, may I go to church?" Selina, surprised and embarrassed, looked at her father for an answer, and left the room. "I believe," said Sir William, "that only the family go to church; but we all meet at breakfast. Dr. Burton, of course, ties the sacred knot. I intended before night to have warned you to have breakfast ready upon our return."

And

And at breakfast we all met, with mutual joy and congratulation; the bride, very simply attired, looked sweetly serious and modest; and Frederick rather less lively than usual. The satisfaction and content that filled his heart, seemed to check his tongue, but spoke plainly in the softened expression of his eyes. Our morning meal was cheerful and protracted; the two little bride-maids in high spirits, on being of the party. It was a lounging morning, and writing letters, walking about, and beginning to prepare for the company that was expected, formed the chief of its occupations.

The little school was to dine, and also the twelve poor women, in the entrance hall. This took place about one o'clock; the young ladies attended on their elderly friends: Selina standing by a clean old woman of eighty-two, to lift her glass, when she drank her

VOL. II. health.

health. It was a sweetly affecting scene: the grateful joy of the old—the sprightly assiduity of the young—the happy Campbell, was a delighted contemplator of this scene—Sir William, Dr. Burton, and Jerningham, walking occasionally amidst the whole, seemed elevated by the pleasing group about them.—Lady Jerningham and her aide-de-camp, Henry, attending on the young group.

The rest of the day passed in our usual tranquil and happy manner; only Mrs. Cooper dined and passed the afternoon with us: the most unclouded satisfaction brightened her fine countenance.

Lady Jerningham planned a little tour for the young folks, with Henry and Maria, for the following day, which she thought they would enjoy much together.

Our

Jan. 15.

OUR young folks returned in the evening, delighted with their little excursion; all talking at once of what they had seen and observed; and crowding round Lady Jerningham, as if they had been absent a month or two.

This morning, at breakfast, Mr. Jerningham, who had, by some accident, picked up an old newspaper, began:—"Silence, ladies; a most important communication!" with affected solemnity, he then read—

"Grecian wrap-gown, high Armenian collar; Spanish robe, cable trimming; York tan gloves; Roman slippers, amber colour; bee-hive bonnet; winged cap.

"Egyptian tunic, with Hamlet cap; Limerick gloves; Spanish slippers; white muslin robe, with biassed bosom.—

'Happy if always well biassed.'

"Circassian

46 IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION.

“Circassian mantle, of fine India muslin, scalloped, with acorn tassels; satin bonnet, bunch of wheat; short lace veil; brown sandals, and gloves; green parasol.”——

“Be attentive, ladies—listen! listen! a very important article!”——“An *al-fresco* dress!

“Short pelisse of nankeen, bound and lined with blue sarsenet, thrown open, displaying—a vest of the same colour!—banditti hat of nankeen, long blue ostrich feather; watch-chain and seals in the band of the dress; boots of black kid, bound with blue; petticoat, edged with a jagged uneven kind of net work:”—folding up the paper, with extreme gravity and thoughtfulness.

“Heaven defend us from such frivolity and foppery,” said Sir William. “Could the most important news from Spain or Portugal, be announced with more imposing consequence? Such frothy trash ought to be confined to our fashionable magazines,

magazines, and not occupy a paper which is intended to convey intelligence of consequence, and matter of interest all over the kingdom." Mr. Jerningham. "And to fill the pockets of the editors, who will insert any thing for money. It were well if frivolity were the worst thing we ever had to complain of in the public prints. They are not always proper things to leave in the way of young persons."

Adieu, my dear aunt,

A. S.

CHAPTER III.

THEATRE—MISS CRAB—REFUSAL.

Jan. 17.

THE stage became the subject of our conversation yesterday afternoon: a young lady, who had called here in the morning, with her mother, having declared that she doated on the play-house; and should like to go every night, if she were not otherwise engaged. This being repeated in the afternoon: "I should not think," said Sir William, "that it is the very best of all ways, in which a young lady might pass *every* evening, if we think the cultivation of purity and virtue to be desirable." Campbell. "I confess, I am fond of the theatre; it is certainly a very fascinating amusement; but I will
not

not pretend to say, that I think it a school of virtue or morals." Jerningham. "It is, undoubtedly, a very agreeable amusement, and might be made a school of virtue." Sir William. "So far I will grant, Jerningham, that it *might* be; but if it really were, which I see no reason to expect at present, it would not, I apprehend, be so much resorted to as it is. *That* is not the kind of school which the gay and dissipated multitude would be eager to attend. They would rather amuse themselves with something which might form a good-natured excuse for all their errors and censurable habits; which might spread over the most revolting vices, a bright varnish, that would make them appear to the dazzled sight of youth and inexperience, as amusing vivacity, and graceful spirit; at the same time, a character of decent manners is represented as an object of ridicule, the proper derision of the stage, and of

the audience. The reason of this is obvious; goodness and excellence are no way amusing, while impudence and profligacy seldom fail to raise the clamour of mirth; and the house must be filled, or it cannot be supported.

“I will refer you to one of the stage articles in to-day’s paper”—speaking of a favourite play, lately acted: “In the *Way to keep him*, every man is, (with the exception of Sir Bashful Constant) an avowed libertine, and every woman the open object of seduction—the plot is tediously borne along by the awkward medium of letters, in all their variety of mistakes; but there are in some of the scenes, a knowledge of life, a *brilliant levity of character*, and a polished style of language, which redeem many a sin against *good morals* and good writing, and keep the play still buoyant and popular.” Here is the very evil influence of the stage in plain terms; the false glare of this brilliant
levity

levity of character, like the factitious lights of the theatre, which put on a level the painted demirep and the blushing maid, confounds all distinctions of right and wrong, and leaves the mind in a fluttering indistinct tumult between vice and virtue." Dr. Burton. "Have you ever, Sir William, perused *Plump-tre on the Stage*? It gives you, I think, the *pros* and *cons* upon the subject, with great temperance and impartiality: he grants that the stage might be made a school of virtue; but laments that it is not such at present. The book is worthy your attention; he cites numberless authorities on both sides of the question: among others, I remember *Styles* says, 'The establishment of a stage can never be subservient to virtue—there is scarcely a distinguished name among philosophers, legislators, and moralists of the world, but is hostile to a theatre—they have left an unperishable protest against the stage.'

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“ It is not, I think, simply the words which are uttered on the stage, that constitute its bad influence; but the air and manner of the theatre are, if I may so say, infectious. *A bold seductive levity* heightens every sentence and movement in the scene; and, for my own part, I must fairly say, there is scarcely a comedy, at which I should imagine a truly modest young woman could sit without painful embarrassment.

“ The pious and amiable Addison says: ‘ A good comedy is a fine performance; but how few are there that can be called *good*. Even the most tolerable are so mixed with indecent levities, that a modest young creature hardly knows how to bear the offence to her ears, joined with the insults given by the young men with whom she is surrounded.’

“ Now if all this is not painful, it must, however, be pernicious.” Jer-ningham. “ All this seems to bear upon comedies; but a fine tragedy, I apprehend”—

prehend"—“Is a very fine production,” said Sir William, “and may be perused with much advantage in a family party, or in the study. The excellent writer just quoted,” he continued, “says, ‘Were our English stage but half so virtuous as that of the Greeks and Romans, we should quickly see the influence of it in the *manners* of the polite part of mankind.’ It would not then be fashionable to ridicule religion and its professors; the avowed man of pleasure would not be considered as the complete gentleman; impudence and immorality would be put out of countenance; and every quality which is ornamental to human nature would meet with that esteem that is due to it.”

“I think, Sir,” said Henry to his father, “you have omitted one strong argument against the stage, or rather a presumptive conclusion, that it is not good in its tendency: in that most horrid period, subsequent to the French Revolution,

lution, there were, I think, twenty-five theatres open every night in Paris. Here were cause and effect probably united; perhaps the capital was never in a more vicious state of degradation." Jerningham. "And so, because twenty-five theatres were *cause and effect* of great depravity in Paris, we are, I suppose, to have none at all in London?"

Sir William. "I am not exactly talking of putting down all theatres; yet I could wish they were more chastely regulated: for, such as they are, I must candidly confess, that I do not think them, generally speaking, a desirable place for a modest young woman to be seen at. And still farther; convinced as I am of the noxious influence of the theatrical atmosphere on the youthful mind, that I should be very sorry ever to see a son of mine become a playhouse lounge." Henry fixed his eyes upon his father, as he spoke, and by an expressive motion of his head, seemed

seemed to say, "You shall never, dear Sir, have that anxiety added to any others." Dr. Burton. "There is a remarkable circumstance, mentioned in Plumptre, which pretty strongly marks the daring boldness of the managers, or players: a witticism was uttered so gross, that the gallery joined in hissing it." Lady Jerningham. "Such an instance a little justifies the very strong expressions of LAW, who does not mince the matter upon any subject, yet one never knows how to answer him, but by saying vaguely, He is too strict. After drawing a highly-finished sketch of the evils of the stage, he adds: 'Now this is not the state of the playhouse through any accidental abuse, as any innocent or good thing may be abused; but corruption and shamelessness are the natural effects of stage entertainments, and the general habits of life of those concerned in them.' With the exception of a very few living characters,

“ And these persons,” continued Lady Jerningham, “ we are lavishly supporting in their extravagant and dissipated way of life; whilst thousands of the most deserving beings are starving in modest retirement; to such excess does the rage for amusement transport us!”*

Thus ended our debate, in which I was more of an auditor than a performer, as usual, being more anxious to hear opinions

* The judicious Mrs. *Carter* thus expresses herself: “ Do you not often lament, dear Miss Talbot, that this sort of amusement, (the Theatre) which might be rendered so useful to the interests of virtue, is so very ill regulated, that it is hardly proper, I am afraid, to be permitted in a Christian country. I do not know above half a dozen comedies, but what endeavour to overthrow the principles of common honesty, and take off the horrors of vice; and the audience is, by the wicked management of the writer, prevailed on to wish success to the schemes of people, who, in real life, would deserve to be hanged.”

EDITOR.

than

than to refute them. I must confess myself on Sir William's side, though I had never given the subject so full a consideration; but one thing has often struck me in the commerce of the world, with a degree of surprise and concern: the extreme anxiety of your *mighty well-disposed* sort of folks, to form constant parties for carrying young people to plays and various other amusements, as if necessary to their very existence; whereas young people are happy and joyful without such pleasures. The bright spring of youth and health is of itself enjoyment; a ride, or a social walk, are a delight; they neither require artificial pleasures, nor is it to their advantage to be in the habit of fancying them necessary. I could therefore never think it an act of real kindness in any one to make them seem so: and when I have seen even elderly persons anxiously leading a whole nursery of children to the theatre, I have

been ready to fancy—will you call me ill-natured?—that their own amusement was as much the incentive, as that of the pretty little yawning creatures, who would have been better in bed, and who, at fourteen, have nothing new to see. I declare for myself, I would sooner take a little trouble to procure some elderly neglected spinster such an enlivening amusement; one, who having lost the spring of youth, and the bustle of middle age, requires, now and then, a little variety, to prevent her from sinking into dejection or dulness; for I am not one of those who think it any crime in an elderly person to seek cheerful society, and partake of harmless enjoyments. The danger of them is greater to the young, and the necessity less. It is something like the absurd reasoning of those who think it expedient to irritate the tender frames of children, by fermented heating liquors: their circulation being already so quick, as frequently

quently to lead to debility and decline ; it is therefore thought right to super-add a stimulus ; and because wine is usually drunk by adults, and is, perhaps useful to old people, they must pour it down the throats even of children, converting their chyle to an acid fermenting juice. Simplicity, sobriety, and temperance, for early youth—Stimulus, art, and factitious pleasure, when they are required.

Jan. 19.

WE have an accession to our number, but not to cheerfulness and comfort, in the arrival of a distant relation of Sir William's, Miss *Crab*, a lady on the balance between *Miss* and *Mrs.* and who seems to live but for the pleasure of complaining, and of lamenting her shattered nerves and debilitated state,

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of

of health. Entirely absorbed in the imagined miseries of one dear being, she has neither power to admire or enjoy any thing, to do any good, or think of any one else.

This kind of selfish discontent, has given an austere, unpleasant cast to features, originally good; and a constitution, formerly on a par with that of most women, as Lady Jerningham tells me, is now become so debilitated, and irritated by incessant tampering, anxiety, and discontent; that I am willing to believe she does not really enjoy a moment's health or comfort.

On the day she arrived, the whole house was soon thrown into confusion and dissatisfaction. She was so fatigued—so shattered—so hot—so cold—then, a sudden thought, a large fire was to be made in her bed-chamber; and then the doors and windows were to be thrown open, to draw out the damp that was *not* in it. The bed was to be singed with

with hot coals, and then pulled to pieces. Then green blinds mounted, to keep out the light; herself inspecting these various operations: and when we had waited for her, some time after dinner had been put on the table, a courier arrived, to tell us, that she was so nervous and flurried, she could not come down, and begged to have some dinner sent up. It seems, that in the confusion caused in the room, by displacing every thing in it, an unfortunate spider had been seen crawling near the bed; and her own maid and two others were instantly employed to search every corner of the apartment for the miserable delinquent; and she was sure the house was full of all sorts of vermin. At tea, the lady condescended to favour us with a visit; wrapped up in a large shawl. "She had taken a chill," she said, "from being over-heated, and pulling off her pelisse too soon;" and every door and window was to be shut close.

close. Mr. Jerningham, with every appearance of gravity, said, that having, himself, studied medicine a little, and being convinced of the importance of early care in these critical cases, he was certain, that the only safe plan for her to adopt, would be, to go to bed immediately after tea, and take an exhilarating cordial. She appeared much pleased with his solemnity and advice, and to our great comfort, very soon decamped, ringing for her maid, and ordering a warm bed. Mr. Jerningham took three exulting strides across the room, the moment the door was shut, and insisted upon our thanking him for the exercise of such deep study and skill. "The lady was pleased, and we were content;" the window was again thrown up, and we enjoyed a pleasant walk. This unhappy being, it seems, is not only in continual terror on the score of her health; but has a dread of all sorts of animals, of every thing that can move. Sir William's favourite little dog is not
allowed

allowed to enter the sitting-room, for fear he should go mad. And the poor quiet cat was thrown out of the window, the other day, because she stared a little when Miss Crab came in, with a handkerchief over her head. Birds make her head ache; the striking of a clock is quite distressing; plants in a room are unwholesome; and music is too much for her tender nervous frame. Lady Jer-ningham is evidently very uncomfortable with her new guest; but through delicacy to a relation of Sir William's, says but little.

Jan. 21.

THIS morning, Miss Crab favoured us with a plentiful dose of her nervous vagaries. We had nearly breakfasted, when she entered the room, rather to our surprise, as she often takes that cheerful meal

meal in her own room, and not seldom in bed—of all detestable customs, the worst. Immediately after her entrance, the whole room was in motion; the air was close—open the window—then it was damp—shut it again.—The urn made her hot, it must be removed to the side-table.—“My dear madam, it is impossible for any one to conceive the state of my nerves: I have such tremors, and heats, and chills come over me; I never had a good constitution: but, for the last ten years, my state of debility and languor has been wretched, in the extreme;” and this was spoken with a voice that might have been distinguished across the lawn. “I have had a miserable night; could not sleep for dreaming of spiders and black-beetles:—do, my dear, put the cat out of the room, she looks very wild. I wish I was not quite so apprehensive; but I have no power to help it, it is owing to the state of my nerves.” Sir William silently quitted the room.—Jerningham seemed to be
laying

laying up store for amusement. She proceeded—"Surely this room feels very cold; there is such a draught somewhere; draughts are the death of me; I had better go into the drawing-room."—"Much better, if I may advise," said Jerningham, and she hastily set off. "O! the misery of a creature wrapped up in dear self, and tormenting every one around her!" exclaimed Jerningham. "If she had but, fortunately, some human being connected with her, requiring kindness and assistance, it might have a happy influence upon her character," said Campbell:—"A sick mother, an infirm aunt, a delicate sister, for whom she might possibly have felt something, would have proved a real blessing to her." Jerningham. "Even a sick monkey, to such a being, might prove a valuable possession." "It would be an act of real kindness," said I; "could you not offer yourself in that capacity?" "Greatly indebted to your goodness, madam—'owe you one' for the thought:

thought: but fear my being in *rude* health may incapacitate me for that charitable office; unless, indeed, I could powder my face, and assume a piteous aspect—*comme cela*.”—A grimace followed, which caused a burst of merriment among the young folks. “But is it necessary,” said Lady Jerningham, “to have a sick relative to open the heart to kindness and compassion? Are there not multitudes of sick and suffering souls, in the alleviation of whose greater sorrows, we might forget our trifling ones?” Jerningham. “I think, if she were for once to follow my fair cousins, in their visits to their aged friends:” looking at Maria, (who having been detected leading a poor sick woman round her garden, coloured excessively,) “she might then ‘forget her fancied miseries;’ thankfully enjoy her many blessings; and,” turning to me with a ludicrous bow, “not require a sick monkey to make her happy.”

I hinted, formerly, my dear aunt, at a supposed attraction in Mr. Jerningham's early return to the country.—I imagined that our lively Maria had unwittingly thrown a net over his heart; but what would you say, dear madam, at your grave niece being concerned in such a manœuvre? Mr. Jerningham having, as I told you, a dislike to talking women, is doubtless attracted by that *interesting* silence in company, which you have so often complained of. Or, what think you of the attraction of a certain good house, in town, which my aunt (a Jerningham party then in it) declared would be her niece's: with the means, comfortably to enjoy it? For I can never imagine men of his character capable of disinterested attachment. Lady Jerningham opened the case, while we were walking, the other day, by saying, that a certain gentleman,

gentleman, related to Sir William, was deeply interested for a friend of her's, and only waited for a little encouragement, more explicitly to declare himself; having, she believed, too much pride to risk an open rejection, and being rather doubtful of the result. "He will never meet with any encouragement here," said I.—"Excuse me, Lady Jerningham, if I speak too abruptly of a family connection; but I wish to be clearly understood: Mr. Jerningham is open and undisguised in expressing his sentiments; I thank him for it: but he is not the man I could ever think of uniting myself to." "I expected no other answer," said her ladyship; "but must I repeat these words?" "Not exactly—Put the reply in the civillest and mildest terms you can; only let it be understood as decisive, and only to himself." My good aunt will not, I trust, be dissatisfied with this my determination.—Never can I be sufficiently thankful for her good and candid advice, which I followed,

followed, in early putting a stop to a similar affair, which, I was very soon convinced, could not have contributed to my happiness: as the subsequent conduct, and ruined fortunes of the gentleman proved. Yet, so truly was he the gentleman in manners and appearance—so attractive in conversation, that I will own, without the kind interference of a valuable friend, I had, most probably, been his. In the flutter of early youth, how little do we think of the absolute requisites in a companion for life, to probable happiness; and how greatly do we want a guide!

Many an uncautioned girl acts as if she thought it an offence to refuse the first offer—a disgrace, not to be early married—and not to be married at all, quite horrible. My aunt's example has convinced me how truly happy and respectable a single woman may be:—and my own experience, that an early marriage
is,

is, by no means, the most likely path to happiness. I have greatly enjoyed the rational *single* period, which has been my lot, and having passed the early flutter of youth, the improvement and cultivation of my mind, in the most chosen society, has brightened my days; and now, near the borders of thirty, one grows, I believe, a little fastidious, in regard to the character of the man with whom one might venture to risk one's future happiness. Mr. Jerningham must pardon me, but I will never marry a man who is not internally convinced, or has not a practical sense of the necessity and salutary influence of religion, as far as I can judge by his conduct and conversation. It is the only corner-stone of just principles; and, without these, how truly wretched may a woman be!—even the more so, in proportion as she loves the man she has married. Moreover, I will never marry a man who has a bad opinion
of

of our sex ; nay, who does not respect them as human and rational beings, partaking of the same nature as himself. I should be convinced, either, that his understanding was narrow, and his heart corrupt, or that he had habitually associated with the most degraded of the sex. His becoming an idolater in my exclusive favour, would not convince me that he might not turn tyrant in a few months, and consider me merely as his housekeeper, or a necessary somebody to talk to, when he had no better company.

What I have now communicated to her, I would wish my aunt not to mention to any one. I do not feel myself raised by the compliment, nor would I wish Mr. Jerningham to feel himself lowered, if he thinks he is so. Such a delicacy is the least that a woman can practise, in similar cases ;
and

and for any one to boast of the number of her lovers, and to name them, is a childish piece of vanity.

Adieu, my dear madam,

ever truly,

A. S.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS SEDLEY'S INTERESTING MEMOIR.

—FEMALE UNDRRESS AND PRINTS.—

HAPPINESS OF A MARRIED COUPLE.

Jan. 28.

AN affecting little history, which has lately occurred in this neighbourhood, I sit down immediately to communicate to my dear aunt, for fear I should lose any of the particulars ; which I gathered from a cousin of the young lady's, who had been some time in the house with her.

Sir Philip Sedley had an only child, a daughter; lovely, sensible, and interesting: heiress to his immense property, and educated in all the delicacy, and luxurious sensibility of modern refinement. The idol and hope of her parents, no wish was left ungratified; no call was made upon her fortitude or self-denial. Sir Philip had, under his

VOL. II. E guardianship,

guardianship, from early days, a youth of the same name, a distant relation, whose father had been greatly esteemed by Sir Philip; but who, from some unfortunate circumstances, had left this son almost dependent on the liberality of his kinsman. The young man had passed much of his early youth at Sedley-grove, and having been, for more than two years, settled with a lawyer at a considerable distance, came down lately, to pass some time with his guardian. Leontine Sedley, though not blessed with the gifts of fortune, was sufficiently endowed with those of mind and person. He had a noble spirit; an animated countenance, and the most gentle manners. During the period of his visit at Sedley-grove, an opportunity offered of an highly advantageous appointment in the civil line to India, through a friend of Sir Philip's, who instantly became desirous that his *élève* should embrace it; but when he communicated the intelligence to his
young

young ward, he was greatly surprised to trace no expression of joy or alacrity in his countenance. His guardian questioned him, as to his inclination to embrace so promising an opportunity of making his fortune: he could urge no objections; still, whenever the subject was brought forward, cold procrastination hung upon his lips, and dejection upon his countenance.

At length it was suddenly announced by letter, that the ship, in which he was to take his passage, would sail in the ensuing month, and every preparation for his equipment and departure were hastened. Angelina assisted in making him some necessary articles. He watched her one day at her work, with a book in his hand—he saw a tear drop upon a handkerchief—soon after which she drew out one of her long dark hairs to mark it—his name appeared—she folded and laid it down.

He arose, took up the handkerchief,

and walked away with it, putting it into his bosom as he shut the door. On the morning of his departure, Angelina appeared not at the breakfast table: her mother went to summon her; she was not dressed.—“My dear, your cousin is going, he will want to thank you for your kind assistance.” “I cannot come down this morning, mamma; I am not well, I think.” “Your father will wish to see you, my love.” “I will see him here: go down, mamma.” She was indulged in her whim for that day. The gentlemen set out. The next day Lady Sedley was surprised by a degree of seeming alacrity and cheerfulness, that she had not witnessed in her daughter for a long time. All was bustle and business—“There is some *acting* here,” said she to herself: acting indeed, but it could not last long. In a day or two, Angelina suddenly drooped, as if exhausted by a long illness, and all power of farther exertion seemed quite extinct: all was listless inactivity. Her mother
questioned

questioned her : “ Is any thing the matter with my darling? Does any thing distress her?” “ I am not well, mamma.” The dear creature shut herself up almost entirely in her own room, and could seldom be persuaded to leave it. The physician was sent for : he could not discover the cause of her complaint.

By the time her father returned, a complete melancholy seemed to have taken possession of her, and she did not wish to see him.

At times her recollection was confused, and the most distressing looks gave frequent apprehensions of the entire loss of intellect.

Lady Sedley took her out in her carriage, hoping to divert her attention—taking her hand in her's: "My Angelina was ever a dutiful and dear child; will she not ease the killing anxiety of her doating mother, and tell her what oppresses her heart, that she may relieve and comfort her child?" "I am not well, mamma."

mamma." "What ails my jewel?" "I can't tell." "Does my child wish to see any body?" she looked frightened. "Is there any thing that we can procure that can please or amuse her? Why sighs my love?" Again the same affecting repetition, "I am not well." The unhappy mother had only tears and silence for her consolation. Upon talking together on the subject, a sudden thought struck her parents, and they determined to make trial of the probability of their suspicions.

As the amiable girl was sitting with them one evening, Lady Sedley began, "Did you say, my dear (to her husband) that the fleet had sailed in which Leontine was going to India?" "By this time I apprehend it has," replied Sir Philip: "my last letter said, they only waited for a wind, which is now favourable." The sweet sufferer turned pale as death, and for a moment looking wildly at her father, arose, then with tottering steps, hurried

hurried to her own room, fastening the door. "Can any thing be more plain, my dear love?" "Too plain, indeed," said Lady Sedley; "Alas! what can be done? Something must and speedily. I have a particular friend, now at Portsmouth; I will open my mind to him, and request him to sound Leontine, on the subject of any acknowledged attachment; for they do not sail till next week; and in case of our suspicions proving well-founded, we must give up the appointment, recal the young man, and try the effect of such a measure. The letter was dispatched, and the young man questioned as to a supposed attachment. "Have you any authority, Sir, to question me?" "A little, my young friend. Has any particular conversation ever passed between you and a lovely young creature at Sedley-grove?" "Do you think me a villain, Sir, that I should thus abuse the kindness of my benefactor?" "The young lady may possibly have given you

unwarily some encouragement." "And if she had, would I boast of it, do you think?" At length, a detail of the melancholy situation of Angelina drew tears from him, and an acknowledgment that he adored her: but had never breathed a syllable on the subject to any one.

"I am authorised, in this case," continued the gentleman, "to request, for the peace of the family, that instead of pursuing your voyage to India, you will immediately return to Sedley-grove." Leontine's eyes glistened: "That must be upon terms: I cannot risk the future peace of my life. If I return, I must be assured, that in case my love for the dear Angelina should meet with a return, I shall be entirely sanctioned by her parents in my open declaration of affection: I feel too much to venture upon any other ground than this."

A letter was soon obtained from Sir Philip, acceding fully to these terms, in the event of his daughter's regaining her
reason;

reason; and requesting his presence immediately. He flew to Sedley-grove. It was agreed among them, that the most cautious and tender measures should be adopted. Lady Sedley had taken an opportunity of saying before the fair mourner, "So, this fleet is not yet sailed, it seems." "No, nor likely to sail yet;" said Sir Philip. She looked up, then down, and a smile the most piteous came on her face: it was the wreck of better days. She looked more tranquil and pleased, and once said, as talking to herself, "Not gone, how is that?"

They had prevailed upon her constantly to come down in the evening for an hour or two, though she sat quite silent.

After his arrival, Leontine was seated, by agreement, near the window. She entered in her usual way, and seated herself close by her mother, not, at first, perceiving any additional person: when she did, she started, and caught hold of her

hand, looked at her, then on the ground, and a gleam of pleasure, unconsciously, appeared on her lovely face.

The poor youth, quite overcome with this affecting mark of her sentiments, and the unsettled state of her mind, was forced to hurry into the next room, from whence was plainly heard a burst of emotion.

Angelina looked at every one, as if to enquire why he was gone; then arose to go herself. Her mother tried to stop her. "Do not go, my love; why will you leave us?" "I am not well, you know"—"Oh! those affecting words! that piteous tone of voice! they rend my heart!" said Lady Sedley. Angelina retired to her own room, her cousin following, and sitting quietly by her. "Not gone, she said," "No, my dear, not gone!" She was thoughtful and composed. The next evening Leontine had gained more command over himself; and they remained some time in the same room. She looked at him, and her mother, by turns, and at length

length said, in a whisper, "Who is that?" "Do you not know an old friend, my dear?" "Who brought him here?" "Your father, love; he cannot let him go." "Who made him go, then?"

She grew every day, more composed; and one night surprized them all by saying "Are you well, Sir," to Leontine, "you look pale." "Pretty well, Angelina, I shall be quite well when you are so." "O, I am quite well, I think, now." "Thank God, said her mother, I hear no more of those distressing words."

It was agreed that Leontine should take an early opportunity to discover her sentiments. "Your cousin, my dear, wants to talk to you." "About what?" "About a friend of his he dearly loves." "But do not you leave me, mamma." The young man came in soon after, and seated himself, as if by chance, near her. "We are old friends you know, Angelina, and relations;" "Yes, relations," she re-

peated. "We have the same name, you know."—"The same name," said the sweet echo.—"I want to consult you,"—she looked earnest—"about a friend of mine." "A friend of your's!" "Yes, a friend of mine was going to India."—"Going to India?"—"But he was unhappy."—"About what?" "He loved a lovely young creature;"—she looked alarmed, and seemed to weep: he stopped a little while—"Well, Sir!"—"He was allowed by her kind friends to visit her, not without hope of gaining a return of his affection. One day he ventured to take her hand, as I may do your's (taking her hand); he ventured to speak of long smothered affection, and to tell her, as I may tell you, Angelina, that all his happiness depended upon her." "Oh! Leontine!" and she looked confused. "He even presumed at length, not entirely repulsed, warmly to solicit a return of that tender affection that had
long

long reigned, unknown, within his breast” tenderly looking in her face.

A confused sensation entirely overpowered her mind ; her eyes closed, and she would have sunk down, had not Leontine supported her. Her head rested on his shoulder ; her friends were alarmed, but she breathed freely, and her colour was not fled. In this manner she remained a very considerable time. Her cousin said, it was the most affecting scene she ever beheld. The young man, one arm supporting her, the other holding her hand ; tears stealing down his cheek, in spite of all his efforts. Such a mixture of exquisite joy, pain, and anxiety, he never can again feel, as he has since said.

At length, she appeared gradually to awake, as from a long sleep : deep blushes, and averted eyes marked a sense of what had passed, and of her singular situation. She would instantly have left the room, but was gently detained, her
mother

mother intreating her not to leave them. She appeared timid, but composed ; and, at last, urging her extreme weakness and langour, was allowed to retire for the day. The next morning she questioned her cousin, who remained with her, as of a confused dream ; but could not be persuaded to come down that day.

The anxious Leontine soon, however, found an opportunity more plainly to open his heart to her ; and she was at length brought to confess that a suppressed partiality had, in a degree, overcome her reason : but so weak was her spirits still, that she could not long together bear to remain in conversation with him alone ; a returning sense of former struggles overpowered her feelings, and the young lover was obliged almost to avoid the subject always uppermost in his mind.

Sir Philip has cheerfully given his full sanction, and blesses God that he in time discovered the cause of his daughter's wandering. " The noble youth," says he,

he, "has every advantage but that of fortune, and we have enough for both." She will not hear of any early period being fixed for their union; and even wishes him to pursue the study and profession of the law, in order to render him more respectable. This idea is not entirely rejected: he is not more than twenty—she scarcely eighteen. "I must have time," she says, "to recover the strength and equanimity of my mind; my own self-consequence, after such a struggle." Thus, through the judicious tenderness; the rational and moderate views of the heads of it, peace and happiness are now restored to this truly amiable family.

Feb. 1.

A young lady dined here yesterday, in a stile of *undress*, which filled us all

all with astonishment and disgust; a small lace cape over her shoulders was all that redeemed her from absolute indecency. "I am more astonished than I can express," said Lady Jerningham, "to see young women, who are not in the last stage of depravity, ever appear in this manner: I cannot form a conception of what their minds are constituted, when they violate, so grossly, that delicacy, which I am convinced is the natural inmate of the female breast, and which, I know not how they subdue." Sir William. "It affords a lamentable instance of the domineering power of fashion: but who could first have the boldness to adopt it? It can only have commenced with the most depraved; and one of the unfortunate consequences of young ladies almost living in public, is the banishment of that natural modesty, which, I must think with Lady Jerningham, is the peculiar characteristic of the female heart." Lady Jerningham.

ham. "Times are changed; I seriously protest, that had I, as a young woman, been accidentally met, passing from one bed-room to another, in the style in which young ladies, nay, married women of some age, appear now in public, I should have run as for life." Mr. Jer-ningham. "These obliging females are very little aware what ideas we men of the world form of them; we remain convinced, that nothing but the fear of losing the situation they now hold in society, deters them from actually being what they so assiduously imitate, the refuse of the sex. For my own part, I declare solemnly, that I would as soon think of marrying one of the latter, as a young woman, who, without any excuse, proves that she has a corrupt and loose heart; though her person may be uncontaminated: yet, I can hardly consider it as such, when it is thus exposed in various ways, to the gaze of every libertine. O, 'tis horrible! I wish every young married

ried woman, would adopt the modest undress of my fair Cousin, Campbell—(she was not present.) A difference in the dress and deportment of married women, is, I think, most seemly; and, if rightly adhered to, would keep at a proper distance, the most bold and daring of our sex; who would never presume to make their approaches, where a proper fence of delicacy and propriety was erected; but who are unfortunately too much favoured by modern manners, and opportunities kindly offered by the careless husband. As for the bold Misses, they must go on in their own way, since their mothers do not choose to exercise any restraint over them, or set them any example of delicacy or propriety. Sir William. “I give you credit, Jerningham, for your sentiments, and only wish you may meet with some sensible and agreeable woman, who may render home and correct principles, truly dear to you.”—Sir William
happened

happened unluckily to look towards your neice.

Indeed, my dear aunt, I must confess Mr. Jerningham expressed himself very well ; I think, he cannot have quite such free principles as I was led to conceive.

Sir William proceeded—" There is another distressing sign of the times, which calls for notice and interference. The legislature properly exerts its right to interfere in regard to the exposure of indecent prints ; but what shall we say to a portraiture, with a married lady's name at the bottom,* in a stile of licentious and loose drapery and expo-

* Lady H——e : Some little time after the first appearance of this, I read, with much satisfaction, in the Gentleman's Magazine for Oct. 1810, some judicious and pointed observations on this subject, and rejoiced, that it had attracted the notice of some-one besides ; I have not changed the expressions ; though very similar.

sure

sure, that a woman of the town would not dare to assume in the pit of the opera. This I have often noticed, but was led more particularly to these reflections by the print alluded to; and one of a sister of the lady's in a shop window, which, had I had a daughter on my arm, I could not have stopped to look at. I am truly astonished that any female, of rank too, could permit a likeness of herself to be exhibited in such a style of voluptuousness, as a delicate woman would blush to be even thought of, wearing that of a half-naked opera dancer! I declare, seriously, that had such a print of a daughter of mine been published without my knowledge, I would sooner have bought up every copy of it, and buried the plate under ground, than have suffered it ever to appear.

“The artist may wish to exhibit his skill, in the delineation of the human figure; but let it not be by the violation
of

of that delicacy, which should invariably accompany the name of a married woman."

This appears to me very just reasoning, and it is the breaking down of all these necessary fences, that contributes to lower the female dignity, beyond calculation. The daily sight of the long bare arms, necks, and shoulders of these *dashing* females, is daily tending to corrupt the rising generation, and raising up a set of bold young women, who become habituated to consider proper covering as starch prudery. It would be curious to compare the full-dressed portraits of our Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne, with a modern pert Miss, *undressed* for a ball; and, to a cool observer, they would appear beings of a different species.

Our

Our young Campbells will remain some time longer with us, I fancy. Lady Jerningham cannot bear the thought of parting from her daughter, and puts off the evil day as far as possible. I am much pleased with the sensible, amiable, unobtrusive affection, which these young people seem to maintain for each other. Selina's regard for, and attention to her husband, does not make her neglect any other duties or kindnesses;—she is equally respectful to her parents, and assiduous in her attention to her poor neighbours, and they walk together upon these visits of charity: the pretty weeper has not been neglected, and their chief happiness seems to consist in the wish of doing good together. He does not seem to look upon her as an angel, or a goddess; but as a most estimable human being, subject to frailties and omissions; and the other day, actually ventured to find fault with her for some striking forgetfulness

getfulness of a promise she had made : but with perfect gentleness and good humour ; which of course was properly received by her.

There seems to me to be two great errors in the setting out of matrimonial life. First, the exalting a woman in the imagination above human nature ; and then, sensible of the error, and irritated by the discovery of common failings, giving vent to every dissatisfaction, and then debasing her far below the common standard of humanity, because you cannot keep her on the pinnacle of visionary perfection.

Thus each becomes soured, disappointed and dejected, for want of reason and moderation in the outset. I could say a great deal upon this subject ; but it would come with an ill grace from me, and being at the end of my paper, I will conclude with the cunning wisdom of pretending

pretending to be full of thought and matter.

Ever, my dearest Madam,

A. S.

P. S. Miss Jerningham is not expected here so soon as usual, I believe; Lady Wilson having talked of some particular visit which she wished her to pay with her.

CHAPTER V.

LORD EDWARD CLARENDON AND MISS
WILMOT.—PARTY OF PLEASURE.—
EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE RICH.—
WANTS OF THE POOR.

Feb. 8.

WE were all much pleased with a piece of intelligence that reached us the other day; that Lord Edward Clarendon was shortly to be married to a most amiable young woman, the daughter of a respectable clergyman in Hants. The manner of his becoming acquainted with her is highly interesting; a little romantic; but very pleasing. We have the whole detail in a letter from a lady in that neighbourhood.

Lord Edward was on a visit to a friend

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in the county before mentioned, and one morning took a long ride, unaccompanied by any one. On his return, he was overtaken on a common, near to a pleasant village, by a severe storm of rain, and took shelter in a neat little cottage. A decent elderly woman gave him a hearty welcome ; and begged him to sit down till the rain was over. In a few minutes he heard, distinctly, up-stairs, a voice, as if reading, and asked the good woman who was up stairs.—“ My daughter ; she is very ill.” “ But some one else ? ” “ O, the good young lady.” “ And who is she ? ” with some eagerness.—“ Why, don’t you know ? ” “ How should I ? ” “ Hush ! I think she be a-coming down.” Soon after, the latch was lifted up, and on a narrow staircase appeared a young person, very neatly dressed, with a veil over a straw bonnet—but the words *good young lady* made her appear eminently genteel and pleasing. She was greatly startled, and, in her confusion,

was

was hurrying out, in spite of the rain; but the good woman detained her, and she again retreated up stairs.

After a little time, Lord Edward, convinced that though the rain had ceased, the young lady would still remain a prisoner so long as he was there, called the old woman out to see her garden, and gain farther intelligence of the interesting stranger. “And, pray, who is this good young lady?” “Why, our parson’s daughter, to be sure.” “And what’s her name?” “Why don’t you know? I thought every one knew Master Wilmot’s family—they be all main knowing, and over and above good. Why, they say he is as larned as a doctor; and the Misses be as clever as young gentlemen. Madam, I hear, is a very knowing gentlewoman, particular in the matter of fevers, teaching of children, and making of soups, and them sort of things. As for Miss here, who is the eldest, there can’t be nobody better than she; and

looks so humble and pretty withal—la! she comes and sits, and reads by my poor girl three or four times a week; heaven bless her!”

The heart of Lord Edward expanded with every pleasant feeling, and giving the woman a piece of money, he mounted his horse, and proceeded towards home, full of delightful reveries: he saw the young lady on the common; but respect and politeness forbad him to pursue the same track.

“This is the woman,” said he, to himself, “to make a reasonable man happy—this the heart that requires not the stimulus of passion to render it tender and affectionate.—This is the woman who would hang over a sick and languid husband with as much tender assiduity, as she would accompany him with cheerfulness and pleasure in the hours of health and activity. Poor people always give just characters of their betters when properly treated: how interesting

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ing is this woman's simplicity; I must know more of this young lady." At dinner Lord Edward was uncommonly absent; and when the ladies were withdrawn, the whole history came out, concluding with "My dear Monson, you must contrive to make me acquainted with this family." "In truth, at present," replied his friend, "I am not much in habits of intercourse with them, myself, though formerly well acquainted with Mr. Wilmot; but for some years past they have lived rather in a retired style, and purposely avoided visitors, his income being limited, and his family growing up; though I am told their education and habits are a perfect model for families." "You must take me, Monson: it must be managed."

In less than a week after this conversation, they contrived in a ride to call in, as by accident; Mr. M. introducing Lord Edward as his friend. He was received by Mr. Wilmot with cool politeness, as

he never courted, nor wished to associate with persons of a rank above him. Their visit had been sufficiently long; but unluckily no lady appeared. Mr. Monson moved to go, but his friend did not notice him; and at length, as an excuse for delay, he begged to see their beautiful garden. They walked out, and when returning back, the garden gate suddenly opened, and the same young lady appeared, in the same bonnet and veil. Lord Edward involuntarily exclaimed, "Miss Wilnot!" and her father said, "My daughter," introducing her. Upon her father speaking, she threw back her veil, and discovered a countenance in which intelligence and feminine softness struggled for pre-eminence; a figure, in which native gentility set at defiance all studied arts, attitudes, or dress.

They walked into the house; the conversation was almost nothing; but her whole manner evinced the woman of sense, good breeding, and delicacy.

Lord

Lord Edward was at length dragged away by his friend, exclaiming, as he quitted the place, "By heavens, this is a most extraordinary young woman!" "And to be sure," replied his friend, "you know a great deal of her!" "I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound."—"Those poor people are so interesting!"

His impatience to be farther acquainted with Miss Wilmot, made Lord Edward a most uncomfortable guest to his friend. However, a little confidence, and lucky chance, furnished him with some opportunities of conversation; though the father evidently avoided the slightest encouragement to his visits. Despairing of cultivating any intimacy, he entreated his friend to disclose in the most respectful manner, to Mr. Wilmot, his admiration of his daughter, and request to be allowed to visit her as a candidate for her favour.

Mr. Wilmot broke the matter to his daughter, adding, "I must acknowledge,

my dear, that Mr. Monson, upon whom I can depend, gives the highest character of his friend." She appeared surprised, but no way elated. "It is for your deliberate consideration, my Amelia, and the determination of your own judgment: you are not a child in years or disposition. Do you choose to permit Lord Edward to visit here?" "Not yet, dear Sir: my heart is unbiassed—unattached—I must coolly weigh the subject; and consider whether connections, habits, and modes of life, so different from my own, will in fact be conducive to my happiness and my stability of character: whether I should even admire a style of life so different, supposing every other circumstance unexceptionable. I have so long enjoyed the peaceful and lettered retirement of my dear father's house; the leisure hours, useful occupation, and heartfelt comfort of rational life, that I seem to dread so great a change; at least, I must take time." "Certainly, my love," said her father,

father, "every woman has a right to that; and it would tend much to her ultimate comfort, if she duly exercised this privilege. This shall be represented to his lordship."

It seems Lord Edward expressed himself extremely pleased with the deliberation Miss Wilmot requested. "It proves her," said he, "to be a woman of delicacy and dignity of mind; such as would fit her for the most elevated situation; which she would adorn, instead of deriving consequence from."

All this, it seems, passed about a month since; and in the course of that time, Miss Wilmot heard from different friends the greatest encomiums upon Lord Edward, and most particularly, that he was not a dissipated man, existing only in town; but a man of sentiment and reflection. He is now an allowed visitor at the Rectory: a contented partaker of their pleasures and enjoyments; and he gratefully acknowledges his own happy fortune. I

hear that she has begun to stipulate that not more than three months of the year shall be passed in town; and *those* not the delightful summer months, so frequently lost in the hot and dusty capital: and that when they are in the country, the house shall not *always* be full of company.

Feb. 11.

WE have been upon a party of pleasure; that is, what might have been such, but for the ridiculous perverseness of one of the company. Though it must be confessed that, sometimes, the oddities and absurdities of our associates afford us considerable amusement as objects of ridicule, yet this is not so pure a delight as many are; a mortifying sense of the many infirmities of human nature mixes with it; and a sort of consciousness that

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we ought not to make ourselves merry with the weaknesses of our fellow-creatures. Pure wit, either in books, or in conversation, unintermixed with satire and severity, is one of the highest delights the human intellect can enjoy. Personal satire and severe criticism always give me an uncomfortable sensation, instead of amusement; and when I see a poor young author unmercifully treated in a Review, only for the harmless offence of being somewhat insipid and dull, I cannot but feel for him, and wish that the salutary check had been conveyed in more gentle terms—but then an opportunity for the reviewer to shew his own wit, at a cheap rate, is lost; and, as I once heard a gentleman say, “If every dull coxcomb will force his crudities upon the public, he must smart for it; a gentle hint will not do.” But I may exclaim with Gilpin, “Lost! lost! lost!” I began to tell my dear aunt of a tour we had been upon, to see Branscomb castle; a

very fine and venerable place. Unfortunately, Miss Crab chose to go, in spite of Mr. Jerningham's prognostics of a bad morning, gravely pronounced. We set out soon after breakfast, and every thing seemed bright and pleasant, till we approached a bridge that had a part of the wall broken down. "Oh! heavens!" exclaimed Miss Crab, "we are not going over that bridge, I hope! It is all in ruins!" Sir William lifted up his hands and eyes.—"Stop, I must get out." She alighted, and we were proceeding;—"Oh! stop till I go over, or the bridge may give way!" We passed, at length. Mr. Jerningham, who had helped the lady out, called on the other side of the bridge, "When may I come over." At length we proceeded, and were endeavouring to renew some pleasant conversation we had commenced, but in vain; a *terrible* fordable stream, twelve inches deep, and an insurmountable hill on the other side,

side, occasioned fresh alarms, and put to flight all converse and comfort

We were expressing our delight at the appearance of the castle, as we approached the grand archway, when the sight of a scaffolding occasioned new terrors.—“It was all coming down—we must go round to another gate.” Numerous were our *hair-breadth* escapes in going over this noble building. We were then conducted through a winding walk, which terminated with a fall of water. The moment we heard the sound of the water, “Oh! I shall be wet through; I dare not go near, I shall tumble in.” “You had better walk about, or turn back to the house,” said Lady Jerningham. “I shall lose my way.” “Do, pray, Mr. Jerningham,” said Lady Jerningham, have the goodness to go back with Miss Crab.” He was about to do so, when Miss Crab again changed her mind, and remained; however, I believe, he owed her some revenge all day for her foolishly interrupting his enjoyment. We walked about some time, the more fully

to enjoy the pleasing reverie of mind, which occur in the contemplation of the fallen glory of a former day—but as we proceeded from the several apartments, we were often disturbed by the emphatic ejaculations of oh! horrid! frightful! dismal!—what do I hear!—dear, dear, what's that?—I shall faint! let us get away, &c. In fact, every step was full of evil and terror, which could not be seen or even fancied by any one else of the company: at length, tired out, and entirely deprived of the satisfaction we might have received, by Miss Crab's perilous escapes; and after her fancying about twenty heats, chills and suffocations, we were returning home: on reaching Oakely Common, it began to be rather dusk, Mr. Jerningham looking significantly at Maria: "Are there ever any highwaymen upon this common, Sir William?—A very lonely place, and so many cross roads." Sir William. "Why, not very lately, that I know of: some time since there was a desperate fellow—but I think he was hanged." Mr. Jerningham. "A terrible ill looking man is galloping from that wood—

wood—push on, coachman.” Miss Crab began to scream heartily. Jerningham. “For heaven’s sake, madam, restrain your fears ; be tranquil, or we shall all be murdered.” Now I happened to have heard him send his servant upon some errand, and also knew his white-faced horse, and the man hastened to meet us. He approached the coach, and calling to the coachman to stop, presented something to his master at the window. Miss Crab’s screams were now not to be restrained, with the addition of “O spare our lives ! put away the pistol !” Jerningham pretending to supplicate the imaginary highwayman. The astonishment of the servant was not to be conceived : and Maria was almost in fits with laughing. At length the man galloped on, and we proceeded ; Mr. Jerningham congratulating us upon our happy escape, with such ludicrous solemnity, as set all power of gravity at defiance.

We soon reached home ; and our fearful

ful companion, whether she discovered the *hoax*, or not, declared that she was overpowered with nervous debility, and went instantly to bed. We could not help laughing over the highwayman, a little after she was gone; and, I think, I could defy any one's commiseration to overcome the risibility of the scene.

Feb. 13.

WE fell into a sort of miscellaneous conversation yesterday, upon inequality of ranks—sufferings of the poor—extravagance of the rich—*Crabb's Poems*, &c. It began, I think, with Sir William reading some parts of the latter with much effect. "I own myself," said he, "greatly interested by *Crabb's* feeling delineation of the sufferings of the lower class. I consider him as the poet of the poor; the only one who seems to know and represent

sent them as they are; not sporting in flowery meads, in pastoral comfort and content; but struggling through life with poverty, hunger, and disease: in general unenlightened, uncivilized, uncheered by religious hope; disheartened by want of food, chilled limbs, and various privations." Mr. Jerningham. "And you think, Sir William, that the pourtraying this in such strong terms, and publishing it to all ranks, will mend the matter, and do good?" Sir William. "I would not to the poor aggravate their sufferings, though they cannot be insensible of them: but I think it impossible to lay too plainly and strongly before the rich and luxurious—those who have it in their power to alleviate them—the extreme wants and deprivations of the lowest class, particularly the aged and infirm." Mr. Jerningham. "Wants and deprivations are all comparative, and must be measured by the degree of indulgence and comfort a person has been used to." Sir William.

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“There is something in that, Jerningham, but not every thing. Every one, I imagine, must feel the want of comfortable cloathing, and nourishing food. I know of no recipe for satisfying the stomach without filling it.” Jerningham. “No, but that is very seldom the case; and we have no business to represent it as a hardship, that they cannot procure delicacies and indulgences; when they are sick, they are taken proper care of.” Selina, with sweet earnestness. “O, Mr. Jerningham, if you could but for *once* experience what they *often* suffer; the misery, in a low fever, or languishing decline, of having nothing better than bread or potatoes to comfort a faint and sickly stomach; you would not imagine that they are *always* well taken care of. This I have witnessed more than once, within a few miles of my father’s house, and have heard my mother speak of many similar, and even stronger cases.” Lady Jerningham. “I have indeed, in the course of my life,
in

in different places, witnessed scenes, the thoughts of which have, for the time, made me wretched; scenes and wants which I would not wish too faithfully to delineate; to those who have ever busied themselves in the relief of the distressed, it is not necessary to describe them; and to those who never do, perhaps it were in vain. I would only wish young persons to be early initiated into the knowledge of the wants and sufferings of the bulk of their fellow creatures. Thanks to my excellent mother, it was one of the first things I learned; and if it has not operated to check extravagance and censurable luxuries, it is indeed a lesson miserably thrown away. In reflecting upon the very great difference in situation and comforts, I have often thought that an awful responsibility rests upon those who lavish, in a thousand follies, that which, judiciously disposed of, would contribute to the comfort and strength of hundreds of fainting souls." Jerningham.

ham. “ Then your Ladyship would throw down all distinctions of rank, and consider it necessary that there should be neither poor nor rich.” Lady Jerningham. “ No, Mr. Jerningham, I would not wish such an arrangement to take place: but I would wish that the affluent, those who are full to satiety, would occasionally check an extravagant display of frivolous vanity, in order to enable them to render the habitations and lives of their poor country neighbours comfortable, and conducive to virtue and decency.” Mr. Jerningham. “ But the luxuries of the rich supply the wants of the poor, and enable them to live.” Sir William. “ So I have often heard, and as often paused upon it. It would, indeed, be giving an amiable and interesting character to luxury and folly, to prove that they infallibly promote the comfort of the poor. I wish they deserved that character; but, unfortunately, luxuries increase, and the wants
of

of the poorest class do not diminish. In a great degree, adventurous foreigners, bold speculators in new inventions and unheard-of elegancies, cooks, confectioners, hot-house gardeners, and splendid upholsterers, are the persons who are most benefited by fashionable extravagance. I find it difficult, I must confess, at a splendid and superb entertainment, where no expence is spared, no vanity ungratified, to trace the benefit or comfort that is conveyed to the simple industrious labourer, or even to the hard-working artificer.—I cannot find it—’tis not in the bond.” Mr. Jerningham. “Then you would discourage all elegancies, all ornamental articles?” Sir William. “I should not choose to be the person to lavish on ornamental frivolities that, which would employ the regular and useful labourer in different ways; and also procure comforts and necessities for those, who are not able to labour.” Lady Jerningham. “There is one sort of luxury
which

which I would wish my own sex to reflect upon, and consider how far it can possibly contribute to the comfort and benefit of the poor: *Brussels lace dresses* cannot, I imagine, do much good in that way. When I read the following:—‘The bride looked lovely, and was attired in a most costly dress of Brussels lace; the veil alone cost 150 guineas’—I cannot but think how much more lovely she would have looked—at least, how happy she might have felt—if the cost of this one unnecessary article of dress had been reserved, to enable her, in a pinching winter, comfortably to clothe one hundred shivering poor souls, which, on a common average, I would engage to have done; the majority, perhaps, children.

“The comparison of the necessary wants of the poor, with the unnecessary luxuries of the opulent, once struck me very forcibly. Observing a poor woman’s shoes, who was sitting in the same room with me, very curiously mended, I could
not

not help noticing her good management. 'Why, to be sure, ma'am, I've had these shoes four years, and they be very good now with a little care.' I once heard a young lady say, that she wore upon an average, a pair of shoes a-week throughout the year ; but she was fond of dancing. Thus there stand—

208 pairs of shoes, at about 10s. 6d. per pair.	} against {	1 pair, at 6s. and something for mending.
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"I could not help, afterwards, pursuing the thought, and reflecting upon the degree of comfort that might be procured by the occasional sacrifice of some expensive piece of *fashionable* elegance ; I calculated the comparative cost of different articles of dress ; and having been considerably conversant in the cutting out and making of clothes for the poor, I can venture to answer for the general correctness of my statement ; at least,

120 EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE RICH,

least, they are under the mark; as follows:

The sacrifice of one chemise dress of muslin and lace let in	} £. s. 5 5	{ Will procure forty-two good cotton chemises for so many poor women.
One satin slip to wear under a lace dress	} 4 0	{ Fourteen neat stuff gowns for so many grown-up girls.
One elegant lace cap	} 2 12 6	{ 203 pretty caps of cambric muslin for so many infants.
A pelisse, trimmed with fine lace	} 14 10	{ 54 good warm cloaks for girls of different sizes.
A gold net, to draw over the hair	} 3 3 0	{ 60 very neat old women's caps of calico, with muslin border.
An elegant lace cloak, thrown over a complete dress.	} 25 0	{ 200 coarse straw bonnets and white tippets, making so many children neat, happy, and fit to go to church.
One lady's Brussels lace dress	} 300 0	{ 900 very neat cotton gowns, for so many grown-up girls.

“ In

“In my statement,” continued Lady Jerningham, “I have left out valuable trinkets, which would be abundantly productive; and the calculations might be pursued with some amusement.” Mr. Jerningham. “Your ladyship had better finish your work, and draw out a complete bill of indictment against all genteel people, for wearing handsome or fashionable apparel.” Lady Jerningham. “No, Sir, I do not mean to say, that young ladies are never to wear good and genteel or elegant clothes, or even ornaments; I only wish them to be aware how much comfort they have it in their power, occasionally, to procure to those who want, by the sacrifice of some *one* expensive article, which, perhaps, they would be as happy in not having.

“It would not be amiss, in a large family, to have a written card, with the comparative expences, in some corner, and a strong bag, or box underneath, with a slit in it, of an inch long: doubtless, it

would receive frequent contributions." Maria, starting up: "O, mamma! a box, a box!" Lady Jerningham. "I trust, my dear Maria, that you have, from early days, been too feelingly convinced of the wants of multitudes of your fellow-creatures, to require any artifice to induce you to sacrifice useless extravagance to the necessary comforts of others." Maria. "But, perhaps, now and then, mamma, I might turn a silk gown, or a straw bonnet, in order to put a bit of gold into the box." Sir William sat with delighted and approving attention—"The ladies manage these things best, Jerningham: you and I are quite left in the back-ground, you see, in this argument." Mr. Jerningham. "O, to be sure; charity is the business of a woman," Sir William. "And ought to be the thought of a man; and every husband should enable and encourage his wife, by a fair *stated allowance*, to appropriate a part of it to the comfort of others,

others, as well as to the decoration of her own person." Maria. "She must have been poorly taught, if she is to wait for hints from her husband, to do her duty as a Christian." Campbell. "Sharp enough, Maria: but it is not *every woman* who is so well educated, as not to be capable of receiving some improvement from a sensible and religious husband; though, I believe, many of the latter would, or might receive improvement from an estimable wife (looking towards Selina;) if the pride of fancied superior abilities, did not sometimes blind them to those elegant superiorities, which the best of your sex generally maintain over the other. There are, I am convinced, points of exquisite maternal tenderness, forgiving fond affection, and active succouring compassion, which a man never feels in the degree that a woman does. These are her points of perfection, and of happiness; and it is greatly to be regretted,

that some of these feelings are at times, so deeply tried."

Selina looked delighted with these handsome testimonies, to the honour of her sex; and we parted with mutual sentiments of satisfaction and good-will.

Adieu, my dear aunt,

A. S.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY WILSON.—CRABB'S POEMS.—
MISS JERNINGHAM.—UNEXPECTED
MARRIAGE.

Feb. 18.

THE good family at Jerningham Hall have been somewhat surprised and discomposed, by the receipt of the letter which follows, from Lady Wilson :

“ DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

“ It is with the greatest pleasure that I sit down to communicate to you the happy intelligence, that your daughter, my neice, Harriet, is honoured by the addresses of the Marquis of D—, eldest son of the Duke of L—; the offer

G 3 actually

actually made, and of course, as you may suppose, not rejected. I have long had my suspicions of something of the kind ; the Marquis having apparently renounced that fascinating and destructive amusement, the gaming-table, of which he was, before, so fond ; and being constantly of our parties in public.

“ Now, indeed, will my wishes for this charming girl be completely answered, and I shall see her graced with one of the first titles in the kingdom : and what renders it still more desirable and flattering, the Duke, his father, is in an alarming state of health ; an old battered debauché, as every one knows ; and the Marquis being rather out at elbows, from a few fashionable propensities, the noble family estate will be very acceptable : for though it has long been understood, that I shall do very handsomely for my niece, yet, it cannot be expected that I should curtail my own *necessary* style of living, whilst I have health to enjoy it. I lose
no

no time in conveying this joyful piece of news; convinced, that it will diffuse through the whole family the most heartfelt joy, and not doubting of your immediate readiness to forward, as far as lies in your power, so desirable an establishment for your daughter; although her being now of age, leaves her entirely at liberty to act for herself, as to her own determination.

“I remain,

“With best compliments to

“Lady Jerningham,

“Your ever affectionate sister,

“HARRIET WILSON.”

“P.S. The amiable *Duchess-elect*, desires her affectionate remembrances to her family.”

How do you like this epistle, my dear aunt? Is it possible that these are brother

ther and sister? The one, so totally an empty woman of fashion; the other, so rational and just in every principle of thought and action. I had read chagrin and surprise, in the countenance of Sir William, before I was aware of the contents of the letter; and am now, through Lady Jerningham, favoured with his answer, which was sent off this morning.

“ DEAR SISTER,

“ I cannot easily convey to you the surprise occasioned by the contents of your letter, just received. Had an offer, the most unexceptionable in point of character and circumstances, been made, could it have been announced in more exulting terms? But, how stands the case? Not a single word of the young man's character, his principles and habits, but
what

what are assiduously to be shunned ! The most buoyant joy expressed, that a dissipated gambler has offered to unite my daughter's fate with his—that he deigns to adorn her with a coronet ! a poor substitute for every valuable requisite to happiness and virtue.

“ I must hope, that nothing decisive has passed, and must request, dear sister, that nothing may, till I have the satisfaction of seeing you and my daughter, in town, which I shall make a point of doing as soon as some necessary business, that now presses upon me, can be settled ;—perhaps in a week, or little more.

“ You say, you had long suspected something of this :—it would at least have been kind in your ladyship ; to have afforded a hint of it to her parents, as our parties in town were so different, that we had not the chance of observing anything of it ourselves.

“Alas! alas! I have greatly erred, and must, perhaps, suffer for it. You say, my daughter is now of age to act, and determine for herself. True—she is now *legally* entitled to do as she likes; but, unfortunate must be that child, who catching at this legal power, throws off the paternal influence: and, at an age when frailty, vanity, and levity too often domineer, gives the reins to her own misguided fancy. I trust, that my influence over my child is not extinct, though, I fear, it is weak; and that she will still listen to the entreaties of a father: not hastily to fix a fate she cannot change; but to give time for reason coolly to weigh the probable consequences of the step she meditates, and which, her aunt, I regret, seems to approve.

“She will not, I flatter myself, feel herself confident and happy without a parent’s blessing; a sanction, which she shall never want to any step conducive

ductive to her own permanent happiness
—to her virtue and peace of mind.

“With my tenderest affections to her,
in which her anxious and incomparable
mother joins,

“I remain, dear sister,

“Your affectionate brother,

“WILLIAM JERNINGHAM.”

Feb. 22.

THE conversation which Crabb's
Poems had given rise to the other day,
occasioned me again to go over his
Borough with more attention.

There are striking beauties in it; but
I must own, I think a great deal that
had better have been omitted. He is
a glowing and minute painter; but it is
possible that filth and vice may be too
minutely described.

The *Church* is a very interesting letter, and has some striking passages in it. In speaking of the laudatory monuments put up to the departed, he adds, what every one must feel,

“ This may be nature ; when our friends we lose,
Our alter'd feelings dictate to our views ;
What in their tempers teaz'd us, or distress'd,
Is with our anger and the dead at rest.
And much we grieve ; no longer trial made,
For that impatience which we then betray'd ;
Now, to their love and worth of every kind,
A soft compunction turns th' afflicted mind ;
Virtues neglected, then ador'd become,
And graces slighted, blossom on the tomb.”

How very useful might this idea prove in deterring us from impatience and irritation at trifles, whilst we are allied to erring mortals like ourselves !

The story of the *Sick Sailor and his Sally*, is beautifully told ; the lines describing her tender care of his soul as well as body, in that awful period, are inimitable. You must turn to the book,
dear

dear aunt, for it would not do it justice to extract a few lines. The conclusion of the letter is excellent.

Upon the whole, I think *Crabb* is a poet who has not been sufficiently noticed; but in him, as in every other writer, there is something that might be omitted with advantage.

I could strike out of Cowper; there are heavy parts even in his *Task*, a poem of so great merit. There is a kind of unreasonableness in human nature; when we are once highly enamoured of an author, we cannot suffer him to doze for a moment; but he must be always upon the pinnacle we had placed for him; and yet, unvaried uniformity is of itself tiresome.

A happy circumstance for the inhabitants of Jerningham Hall! Our nervous
visitant

visitant has found out that it is a terribly damp, unhealthy situation, (never was there a drier) and has left us.—The conversation with Mr. Jerningham, the day before her departure, was amusing. After a torrent of complaints of the weather, and her own distressing state—“Surely,” she said, “this is the dampest situation I ever was in!” Mr. Jerningham. “O, beyond any place *I* ever was in!—I am only astonished, madam, that with your tender frame, you have been able to bear it so long.” Miss Crab. “Really Sir, I wish I had known this sooner; the injury I have sustained may not be repaired in a hurry.” Mr. Jerningham. “True, madam; indeed I am never well here; there is a kind of foggy moist effluvium from the lake, that loads the air with unhealthy particles: to say the truth, there are few situations that are really healthy.” Miss Crab. “But, dear Sir, what is to be done?” Mr. Jerningham. “I know nothing safer
than

than continually moving from place to place—You, madam, should never remain four days in one place.” Miss Crab.

“But would not that be very fatiguing, Sir?” “O, madam, that small inconvenience would be compensated by the happy effects of continual change of air: *This* place, I am certain, does not suit you.”

Miss Crab. “I shall go to-morrow—I feel very unwell, indeed—I must beg Sir William to send and order a chaise.”

Jerningham. “Shall I ring the bell, madam?” Miss Crab. “I thank you, Sir; you are very kind, indeed; I will go and give orders to my maid, directly.”

And next day, to the great content of us all, after a few ceremonies, the lady departed.



Feb. 23.

SIR William was prepared to set out for London, yesterday; when he heard, from a friend,

a friend, that Lady Wilson was gone to Brighton with his daughter : he had intended to set out with Henry, for that place, to-morrow ; when, this morning, as we had just done breakfast, opening the paper when it arrived, I observed him suddenly change countenance, and, after an apparent struggle to collect himself, he put the paper into my hand, with a significant look, and went out of the room. Lady Jerningham was drawing the paper away, but I gently detained it ; and moving to the window, read to myself as follows.

“ On Sunday last, was married, at —, the Marquis of D—— to Miss Jerningham, niece to Lady Wilson, and daughter of Sir William Jerningham. The amiable bride was given away by the —, and on the Tuesday following, a most elegant entertainment was given at — in honour of the happy alliance ; the — dancing with the lovely bride.

To

To Lady Jerningham's anxious inquiries, I quietly answered: "Here is no death, nor any thing of the kind—but something of a different complexion; yet not pleasant." She began to suspect, and I was compelled to own the truth. After a vain effort to compose herself, she burst into tears—"This is a bold stroke, indeed, and a very cruel one. Alas! that we ever parted from our child! Where is my dear Sir William?" "In the library," answered Henry, who had followed him out. Lady Jerningham flew to him, and they continued the rest of the morning together.

Sir William had not spirits even to join us at dinner; Lady Jerningham took a short repast with him, and they drove out in the afternoon.

Selina quitted the room soon after breakfast; Campbell followed her, as did Maria. The poor girls looked pale and dejected at dinner, and Campbell very sorrowful, as if he thought all the

blame lay at his door, for not liking Miss Jerningham better. In short, we seemed all in a state of dissatisfaction. If this, thought I, be the "heart-felt joy" that is to be diffused, Heaven defend us from such joy!

Before supper, Sir William wished to be left alone, and I had a short conversation with Lady Jerningham. "Poor dear Sir William," said she, "upbraids himself for suffering his child to be detached from his paternal influence; such a gross act of disobedience, is, he says, a punishment for his neglect of his own duty. I know not how to do away this painful idea; so strongly am I sensible of the pernicious consequences of her estrangement from us. This girl has grown up a different being from the rest of the family, as her aunt did, from the same cause." "Assure yourself, my dear madam," said I (desirous to console her) "that there was an inherent difference in disposition. Do you think all the aunts
in

in the world, would ever have induced our sweet Selina to act in this manner?"

"Who shall judge," replied she, "how far the effect of habitual good example influences the future conduct—it is constant and imperceptible, and none of us can guess what we should have been without it."

"The avoidance of great schools, and of incessant dissipation, are, I am convinced, material points in the education of young females; both of these tending to embolden the mind, and to harden the heart: and we may venture to lay it down as a principle, that parents should not relinquish, nor neglect the sacred trust deposited in them by Providence."

Feb. 29.

SIR William looked very ill at breakfast this morning, and soon afterwards joined Lady Jertingham and me in a walk

walk through the shrubbery. His heart was full. "It does indeed wound me deeply," said he, "that my sister should uphold my child in disobedience, and that in so very important a matter: yet I have deserved, and must endeavour to bear it patiently; but who shall preserve my poor girl from sorrow and remorse! Were the great objections any other than those of character and habit—were they low birth or low fortune; I could reconcile my mind to it: but as far as my knowledge enables me to speak, the Marquis is a man of bad principles; a gambler, a man of intrigue; and such a person cannot possibly make any woman happy." "But," said I, "your daughter, perhaps, may not feel that painful sense of the bad tendency of these propensities, in the high degree that you and Lady Jerningham do." Sir William. "Perhaps not; yet, that does not lessen, but increase her danger. The sad progress of all depravity is, a diminished sense

sense of the enormity of guilt, a high sense of our own injuries—divine responsibility gone—all the horrible consequences—I tremble at the sad train; so often, alas, before my eyes. I feel humbled in the dust, that any consideration should have induced me to give up the care of a soul, delegated to me by heaven.” Lady Jerningham endeavoured to console him; but, indeed, their sentiments and feelings were too similar, for them to derive any mutual advantage from the interchange of them.” “Did I ever think,” said Sir William, as we returned to the house, “that a daughter of mine should thus fly from her paternal wing.—I would much rather see her in the humblest station to be imagined, provided there was but a chance of her retaining that inherent modesty and virtue, the companions of good women, whatever station they may hold in society.

March 2.

LORD Edward Clarendon has brought his bride to his seat not far from hence: every one who has seen, is delighted with her; we have been to pay our compliments.

Her countenance and figure are uncommonly elegant and attractive: her manners have that mild modest dignity and simplicity, that indicate a mind greatly above the weakness of attaching any real consequence to rank. She appears by no means elated by that distinction into which she has stepped; she displays no restless flutter and anxiety to appear a woman of fashion; having a distinction so infinitely superior to it—that of being a woman of sense and respectability. Without being embarrassed in it, she is evidently not very fond of company; and says, Lord Edward, with such a pretty fall of the voice, as if she
would

would be as well pleased that he were Mr. Clarendon.

He is, in truth, a charming young man; such tranquillity and content reign in his countenance; such respect to his amiable wife—he appears so much at peace with his own heart; so happy in his feelings and enjoyments, that I thought I had never seen any man more pleased, and pleasing. Perhaps the former story so influenced my judgment, and the idea of Sir Charles Grandison so filled my imagination, that I almost fancied the excellent man before me, in modern *genteel* manners and dress; and thought I had seen no such complete gentleman of the present day.

As we walked to the carriage, I whispered Lady Jerningham, “Such, I should imagine, was Sir William, twenty years ago.” “Poor dear soul!” said she, “unavailing regret, and that from the best of feelings, clouded the opening brightness of his days, and blighted his finest qualities: a thorn
was

was rooted, which no human skill could eradicate."

March 4.

HAVE you read, my dear aunt? if not, get them without delay, "Memoirs of the Klopstocks." I am delighted with the contemplation of two human beings more, exalted and heavenly in their feelings and affections, than any I have met with under similar circumstances. That a man of so rationally pious and glowing a heart should have met with a woman so congenial in spirit, is wonderful. This was too perfect a state of happiness to continue; they were only united here, to pant for a re-union in a more perfect state. How sweetly does one of her letters to Richardson, pourtray her early admiration of Klopstock, as a writer; her subsequent
friendship

friendship, and final attachment, all in the genuine openness of a pure and artless heart.

Such as the following, in another letter, is not always the language, I apprehend, of youthful lovers.——

“Farewell, my beloved ; I shall think of you to-morrow. The holiest thoughts harmonize with my ideas of you: of you who are more holy than I am ; who love our great Creator not less than I do ; more, I think, you cannot love him. How happy am I to belong to you ; I shall be continually improving in virtue and piety. I cannot express the feelings of my heart on this subject.”

But the most delightful observation in perusing their whole correspondence, is, that after four years of conjugal union, their letters breathe, if possible, more tenderness than at the former period.

I much admire Mrs.Klopstock's Letters from the Dead to the Living. There is one from a mother to her daughter, upon

the subject of marriage, peculiarly deserving of attention; and I would recommend it to every young lady, who can flatter herself into the vain belief, that a man void of religious principle can ever make a tolerably good husband; and that he should, suddenly, become a changed and altered creature, in compliment to, and awe-struck, as it were, by her angelic and wonderful perfections. The idea is very pretty, and very soothing to self-love, and so forth—but woe betide the romantic female who makes the experiment! Impiety and profligacy do not vanish by the influence of *charms*, as *agues* are supposed to do. I know not which I love most, of these two excellent persons: but the influence of the whole work is that of exalting and purifying the soul; and leaving upon it a devotional glow, more conducive to our real happiness, than any other feeling or state of mind.

Sir William and Lady Jerningham cannot recover their spirits: the thought that their child is united for life (perhaps) to an unprincipled gamester—that she may be more deeply involved in dissipation, levity, and, possibly, indiscretion, prey upon them night and day; and the goodness and rational happiness of the young couple under their roof has not power to do away this painful impression. Sir William really looks very ill.

Adieu, my dear Madam,

Ever with sincere respect,

A. S.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. MADDUX. — PEEPING MISSES. —
ELOPEMENT. — A VISIT.

March 7.

THE party at Jerningham Hall is augmented, and promises to be agreeably varied, by the arrival of a friend of Sir William's, or rather, I believe, a former friend of his father's, for whom he has always entertained the highest respect, and who is every way deserving of his regard.

Mr. Maddox must be, I imagine, between sixty and seventy; yet there are few marks of age, and fewer of infirmity upon him; though a very strong expression upon his countenance of early disappointment and chagrin. It cannot be concealed, that his general physiognomy
deeply

deeply partakes of fixed melancholy, which renders the bright gleams that occasionally break forth, and mark a superior intellect, still more striking.

A little history, which Lady Jerningham gave me, sufficiently accounts for—I had almost said, justifies—this gloomy gravity.

Very early in life, Mr. Maddox formed a strong attachment to a young lady, with whom he chanced to pass a great deal of his time. Unable at that time to look to any comfortable establishment, a nice sense of honour kept him silent on the subject of his love. An opportunity offering of going abroad in the hope of establishing his fortune, his resolution, though greatly tried, was still maintained. But he confided to a bosom-friend the secret of his breast: he conjured him to watch the movements of his beloved; to give him notice of the approaches of a rival, and in case of extreme apprehension, to speak of his faithful passion,

which there was reason to think was mutual. This kind friend faithfully discharged the first part of his commission, but made a small mistake in the subsequent directions; and finding the lady so much suited to his own taste, he contrived to insinuate himself into her favourable opinion; and, by speaking of her lover as completely detached from England, with no present thought of a return, gained her heart and hand; quite forgetting to give the smallest hint to his confiding friend of this formidable rival.

Young Maddox heard by chance of this unexpected calamity, with a grief and astonishment not to be expressed. He could not deny himself the relief of a severe expostulation upon this treachery and cruelty, in a letter to his friend. His wife, knowing the hand-writing, and witnessing his extreme emotion on the perusal of it, could not resist the temptation, as he dropped it in leaving the room, of examining it. Horror at
the

the conduct of him to whom she had united herself, returning tenderness for one whose worth she knew, preyed deeply upon a tender frame. The self-reproach and remorse of her husband, rendered him ill able to relieve or console her wounded spirits. Unable to open their hearts to each other on so distressing a subject, the afflicted wife gradually fell a victim to her own feelings and her husband's distress of mind, and died just as young Maddox returned from abroad; his fortune half made, his constitution shattered, and a distaste for the comforts of friendship and society, having taken place of that cheerful glow which once animated his heart.

His friend fell into a mental despondency, though he lived many years, disappointed in all his hopes, and preyed on by self-reproach.

Knowing these facts, I fancy that I trace their effects in twenty ways.

There is in Mr. Maddox, at times, a degree

of harshness in his opinions and censures : he thinks we can trust no one from appearance ; and women, he says, are very pretty triflers—easily won, and fond of change and novelty. There is, however, in general, much truth and keenness in his observations.

Under the pretence of being deaf, he is allowed the privilege of having a book in his hand in company, when he likes ; which I am inclined to suspect is a little feint, to hear quietly what passes, without being obliged to join in discourse ; for I have often observed his countenance influenced by the general conversation ; and a smile or a frown appear, which I was convinced his book did not occasion.

We never see Mr. Maddox from breakfast till dinner. Do not you think, dear aunt, that it adds a certain respectability to a character, particularly a male one, that it is not always visible ? You are therefore ready to suppose them well employed ;

ployed; at least, the thing is possible. But, for a man to be eternally lounging over a lady's work-table, reading her books, and playing with her scissars and needles, certainly, adds no dignity or consequence to him. I can only excuse it in a lover; becoming a husband generally cures the complaint, and the happy man is often afterwards sufficiently invisible, even at meals.

I accompanied Lady Jerningham, a few mornings since, on a visit of ceremony, to a family that we see very little of, and think less about.

"These are necessary taxes," said Lady Jerningham, "upon our intercourse with the world; we must often pay uninteresting visits; the constitution of society requires it; and now and then we may

chance to meet with something curious and amusing. The Miss Staniforths are fine girls, and reckoned very accomplished, and well educated; though, to say truth, we are seldom admitted. As there has been a recent marriage in the family, perhaps, the doors may be thrown open."

When we stopped at the entrance, as the house makes a venerable appearance, I was looking up, and attentively surveying the building, when, by chance, I saw two or three heads peeping at our company, near the door, as if they might say, "Who are these creatures?"

We were prepared for a *no*; but were unexpectedly introduced. As we entered the hall, I heard a door *bang*, followed by a loud titter. We found only Sir John and Lady Maria Staniforth, with a visitor, who happened to be there.

Lady Jerningham inquired after the family: knowing that the bride and bridegroom, and many young ladies, made a part of it.—"They were all, unfortunately,

fortunately, out.”—Shortly after, evidently not knowing we were there, the eldest son entered the room, and affording us a complete view of a tolerably clumsy fellow, in speaking to a gentleman in the room, marched out again, with an easy side-bow.

Not long afterwards, Lady Jerningham rang, and we took our leave, chancing again, as we went out, to see a young lady run up stairs.

As we returned home, I could not help reflecting upon this new system of manners; this dread in young ladies of keeping company with the visitors of their parents; that is, of the family at large. “It does, indeed, seem the effectual way,” said Lady Jerningham, “to perpetuate all the follies of the youthful period, by thus flying from all but childish beings, like themselves; at any rate, it does not exhibit the highest respect for those who are entered on a different period of life. Manners have, indeed,

H 6

undergone

undergone a great revolution, in the course of a few years: I wish I could say, for the better. In my time I should have thought of escaping, or even, of absenting myself from my mother's visitors, as an action of extreme disrespect. It was the custom in our mansion, for every one to present themselves on such an occasion, without giving the lady of the house trouble to send for, or tell *fib*s about her family. There is certainly a great proneness to run from one extreme to another; and as, forty or fifty years ago, parents did not seem to consider their children as companions to them, but kept them in the back ground with a ceremonious coldness; so now, unhappily, the thriving plants that have been nurtured with too much tenderness and indulgence, seem to scorn the stock from whence they sprang, as unfit to remain in the same shrubbery: and when they no longer require their support,

appear

appear to consider them as incumbering the ground.

When we assembled, before dinner, the conversation was renewed by Lady Jerningham, telling Sir William of the *peeping misses*. “Pray, my dear, were they afraid of any thing?” said he. “Did they imagine, you were come out with a typhus fever, or the measles upon you?”

Mr. Maddox. “They were afraid of nothing but the chance of catching a slight tincture of good manners, which they might happen to do by associating with their betters, and which they never can, by any chance, attain, at the hide-and-seek plan; particularly, as such conduct is a gross violation of the most common principles of good breeding.

“I was once visiting in a house where the younger branches of it were like rabbits in a warren, never all quietly visible at once; but scudding in and out of their holes, and sometimes taking long excursions, no one knowing any thing of them.

them. Some friends arrive—‘Ring the bell——Where are the young ladies, Merton?’——‘Don’t know, my lady.’——‘Are they gone out?’——‘Can’t tell, my lady:—saw the saddle-horses led round, about an hour ago.’——‘I wish these girls were ever visible, but at meals.’ “In short,” continued Mr. Maddox, “the system that is now in vogue, will render mothers quite useless and unnecessary, after bringing them into the world; for nurse-maids and governesses take the children in hand from that time; and at sixteen, they take upon themselves their own government, and occasionally that of the family, when the father and mother are properly complying and manageable. I think it would not be amiss, in order to render this matter more easy, for the parents, when turned of forty or fifty, to retire to some small house, on the verge of the grounds, which might command a *view* of them; the blooming progeny retaining possession

sion of the family mansion, arranging their hours and entertainments to their own taste ; the old folks would then have nothing to do but to support the expence, and, *when invited*, make part of the guests, at their grand entertainments. This second mansion might serve as a nursery to the next generation, that the young mother might not be troubled by the noise or sickness of the brats ; and if the old folks should be still living, they might be useful, as superintendants of this second nursery." " A complete arrangement !" said Lady Jerningham, laughing ; " I must confess, that I have, more than once, with mixed surprise and indignation, heard a mother say, ' I should like such or such hours, or things : but my daughter can't bear them ; or, my son won't allow it.' " Sir William. " Things are, indeed, a little wrong at present : another turn, and, perhaps, they may come right again ; in the mean time, I confess, I would rather regulate my
children,

children, than that they should take the trouble to manage me."

March 9.

THIS morning at breakfast, Sir William read in the newspaper of the elopement of a lady, of whom they had some knowledge, from a fond and kind husband, by whom she had four fine children. "What can be the cause of these numerous degrading histories?" said Lady Jerningham. Mr. Maddox. "They do not pray; they do not say their catechism."

At this last expression, Maria tittered quite out. Mr. Maddox proceeded: "They wildly run into every kind of danger, and forget to apply for aid to save them—they rush to the combat, unarmed, and trust that their own right arm shall save them; they give the reins to madness and folly, and

and wonder they are thrown down precipices.—Yes, my little tittering lady—(Maria coloured)—they forget their commandments—the solemnity with which they were promulgated, and the full force they should still maintain over us. Would they be induced to employ some portion of their time in instructing their children; or, as some friends of mine occasionally do—even my young titterer—in catechising the poor and ignorant; a salutary impression, of some power to stop the evil influence of incessant dissipation, to arrest the tide of vice, might possibly remain upon their minds, and save them from perdition.

“They daily pray, or ought to pray, not to be *led* into temptation; and nightly rush into every species of it, unattended by their legal protectors. Every help, from our holy church and ourselves, is requisite to keep us from evil, and we reject them all.—The grace
of

of God is withdrawn, ruin follows.* The outward and visible signs of piety are too much neglected. Formerly, I have witnessed, in a Protestant church,† the children of the first families in the town, the Governor's daughter one among them, remaining to say their catechism in open church; and have seen a young creature, about as old as my fair titterer

* There is a striking illustration, in the book of *Job*, of the enviable state of the perpetrators of such iniquity, chap. xxiv. 25, "The eye also of the adulterer waiteth for the twilight, saying, No eye shall see me, and disguiseth his face. In the dark they dig through houses, which they had marked for themselves in the day-time: they know not the light. For the morning is to them even as the shadow of death: if one know them, they are in the terrors of the shadow of death. He is swift as the waters, their portion is cursed in the earth: he beholdeth not the way of the vineyards. The womb shall forget him, the worms shall feed sweetly on him, he shall be no more remembered, and wickedness shall be broken as a tree."

† Boston, in New England.

there,

there, kneel, and request her mother to implore God's blessing upon her, before she would retire to rest." Maria seemed to intreat him, with a look of supplicating gravity, to forget her childish levity, when he, with infinite good humour, taking her hand, said, "Do not look so drooping, my fair blossom; you and I will talk over these matters in a long walk some day, and arrange an infallible plan for making the world wiser and better."

We have been on a visit to Lady Charlotte West, who has been some time in the country; and have received much pleasure on the occasion.

There is a pleasing modest gentleness in her whole deportment, a little bordering on gravity, occasioned, I imagine, by a high sense of the tremendous gulf she had escaped, and was so nearly falling into,

into, through her impatience and false sensibility; which escape she must attribute, not to any prudence of her own, but to the exalted virtue of a noble youth.

Lady Charlotte is handsome and interesting; we found her with a sweet little infant in her arms, which she nurses, and seems happy in the employment. Sir Henry entered from his ride, and after sitting down between his wife and us, he kissed the hand of his little daughter, which hung over its mother's, with infinite gallantry and grace, and joy and content seemed to reign in their once distressed mansion. As we left the place, "How bright and heavenly are thy fruits, O virtue!" exclaimed Lady Jerningham. "Here are two families cheerful and happy, through the upright principle of one individual, who might otherwise have been plunged into misery, disgrace, and self-reproach.

"I have sometimes wondered that your
mighty

mighty well-meaning people should lay quite so much stress upon the ruggedness of the path of virtue—it appears to me to be the only path that is not rugged; the only one wherein we can enjoy peace and comfort. ‘Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.’ “I am convinced,” said Sir William, “that when the path is once fairly entered, it is most smooth and delightful; but there is a kind of wild impetuosity in youth, that often leads them far from the path of true happiness, which they afterwards find very difficult to regain.”

Lady Jerningham stopped this train of thought, by drawing Sir William’s attention to a most beautiful prospect, and expatiating on the delights of the country, which she calls the nurse of virtue, affording the truest enjoyment to our faculties, supposing society not excluded.

Adieu, my dearest aunt,

ever most sincerely,

A. S.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOVELS. — MISCELLANEOUS — DE-
PARTURE OF THE CAMPBELLS.

March 10.

YESTERDAY evening, Sir William read to us a considerable part of *Walpoliana*, a sketch of that wit's life, wherein his sentiments upon novels struck us as just and useful.

“Novels,” he says, “both in France and England, have proved a public mischief, destructive of female duties and delicacy; calculated, by inflated and false pictures of visionary happiness, to excite discontent with our condition in life, and the actual scenes of human existence, which form the aggregate. Volumes might be written to prove their bad effects.
There

There are indeed some sensible and well-written ones ; but even such *are not the proper reading for youth* ; though a confirmed taste and settled judgment may peruse them without danger. Romance, the reading of a century back, is less dangerous in its tendency, as it does not pretend to depict real life ; forms no standard for actions or sentiments. The one presents a cup of slight and momentary intoxication, while the other holds a philtre that deranges the imagination for life."

Mr. Maddox. " The evil effects of reading such works to youthful minds cannot possibly be calculated ; the poison is imbibed, and cannot be counteracted. The whole heart is drawn aside from its regular duties and exertions, from the proper business of youth, obedience, forbearance, silent study, and reflection. To speak more plainly, emotions are awakened in the female breast by these high-wrought tales, which a sensible and well-disposed

disposed young woman might perhaps never have experienced, and without any decrease of her happiness; since the life of a rational creature and a christian is made up of kind, but temperate feelings, uniform exertions, self-denial and mortification, occasional enjoyments, deep sorrows, and cheering hopes—instead of violent emotions, palpitations, swoonings, screams, horrors, and extatic bliss.”

Lady Jerningham. “ ‘ All the *Radcliffe* school exemplify these expressions, and have introduced a most vitiated taste for horrors and distortions of every kind.”

Mr. Maddox. “ Yet the *Radcliffe* is not the most dangerous, even of modern schools. The *Hibernian* is at present much more pernicious in its influence, by filling the youthful mind with loose and licentious images: and by leaving religious responsibility totally out of the account; as the works of two female writers of that country prove.

“ But even supposing,” continued Mr. Maddox.

Maddox, "that these productions were perfectly innocent and harmless, which would be a great deal to grant to any one of them; yet how dreadful is the loss of time and attention bestowed on such wretched trifles; suffering children and young persons to dwell upon foolish stories and novels, is like feeding a child upon whip syllabubs, and then wondering that it was feeble and inert. The mind is formed for solid food, as well as the body; feed it with truth and sense, and it will grow up vigorous and useful. If you vitiate a child's digestion by crudities and sweetmeats, it will never relish, nor indeed receive nourishment from simple solid food. So it is with the mind. The first few years of rational female life—say from ten to twenty, or upwards—are invaluable: let them be employed in the cultivation of taste and judgment; avoid foolish books—numerous connections—and everlasting letter-writing; those consumers of much invaluable time." Maria. "O,

mamma, how often have I fretted that you would never let me read a novel, when I have heard them talked of with such delight by many young people, and sensible women too and not young: and now I think I am so much indebted to you!" Lady Jerningham. "And when you are a sensible woman of mature age, Maria, no one will prevent your reading them if you wish to do so." Mr. Maddox. "In the mean time, my little titterer, I could tell you of many charming books to read, that will make you careless and less for such insignificant productions; but we will have a conversation some day, and discuss these important matters."

Our dear Mrs. Cooper is by no means so well this summer as she was the last.

This perverse and ill-judged measure,
the

the unfortunate marriage, has preyed upon her spirits and deeply affected her. Sensible as she is of the distressing consequences of an injudicious alliance, she cannot but feel greatly for her beloved friends at the Hall. In truth it preys upon them, and we are not altogether so cheerful as we have formerly been; even though the comfort and happiness of the amiable young couple is still a part of our own.

Alas! there is always a something to diminish our comfort and lessen our enjoyments: they talk of going: Lady Jer-ningham changed countenance this morning, when Campbell introduced the subject, by saying he had engaged to give Jerningham the meeting at his own house in May, and they were to make a tour farther north, together with Dr. Burton. "Nay, my children, I cannot part from you. Do not go yet," said Lady Jer-ningham. "I fear, madam," said Campbell, "that our willingness to part will

not be increased by our continuing longer together. I believe we must wean Selina, and you must come, ere long, to see how she bears it." Lady Jerningham smiled through a tearful eye, and Selina silently left the room. A day was then fixed by Campbell, no reasonable objection being made against it, for their departure.

How many bright gleams of satisfaction; how many deep sorrows; and how many moderate and mixed states of comfort does this world afford us: but no one long together, without changes or alleviations.—A dark cloud overshadows us—it passes gradually away, and a brighter horizon again cheers us. A bright sun rises, and we are all gay and elate. Sudden and unexpected dark storms overwhelm us, and all is confusion and dismay. Take this state of existence at its best, and our chief enjoyment must be derived from the bright light within: the pure and immortal soul,
which

which contemplates all around with high and aspiring sensations; with patience and equanimity; neither dazzled by sunshine, nor blinded by dark clouds. I met with a passage to this effect in *Stolberg*, a most interesting traveller in Italy, whom I have been perusing.

“ The first eight days which we spent in this enchanting Ischia were among the happiest of our whole journey. God intentionally gave the vintage before the winter: and in like manner frequently indulges us in a peculiar vintage of joy when sorrow is impending. My little daughter Sybilla, born at Naples, died after six days suffering. She is gone home from this earthly to a more beautiful paradise; happy for her that she could not wander from her way; that she was

“ An early guest of Eden worthy found.”

“ I am convinced that sensations of mild
I 3 regret

regret are beneficial to the heart. The young-fledged birds beat their wings and flutter in the nest before they take flight. We mortals are but in the nest: but the empyreum is in view; and we flutter and clap our anxious wings."

One little quotation more, on my favourite.—

"O! Klopstock! thou mighty river of our age and country! how often have I been refreshed and inspired with new life by thy stream! which flowing full and exhaustless, directs its bold course to the ocean of immortality!"

In continuation.

SOME very unpleasant rumours have reached the Hall from Brighton, through a friend of Lady Jerningham's, who thinks it right that the family should be aware of the actual state of matters. The Mar-

quis

quis is already grossly negligent of his wife, and is occupied with dogs and horses—in short, with any thing but domestic comfort or attentions.

This is not to be wondered at, but the consequences are greatly to be dreaded.

Report even goes so far as to say that he is either on the point of, or has actually set out upon a tour with a friend of his, who has a handsome gay wife; the Marquis's attention to whom was much talked of before he married. There is reason to suppose that her husband wishes to get rid of her in a fashionable way, and is laying this trap for the weak dissipated young Marquis.

These reports have thrown a cloud over the Hall, and fill the anxious parents with fearful forebodings of the possible consequences: Harriet is no heroine; nor has she either a cultivated mind, or a religious spirit.

Two young ladies came hither yesterday morning, the Miss Delmes—town acquaintances, I fancy; and a sudden change of weather coming on, they were induced to stay dinner. Nothing during that repast, but common-place conversation. During the afternoon in the drawing-room, Sir William and Lady Jerningham being engaged with a letter, Mr. Maddox with his book; the two young ladies fell into some pretty empty chatter with our young folks, to which I was at last tempted to listen. Miss Delme. “Well, I protest, I do think the present *costume* is the most beautiful I ever saw or heard of—so *Grecian*—so fine.” Miss Sophia. “O, lovely; for all the world like the fine statues that you see in galleries.” Selina. “I never before understood that it was a perfection in
a female’s

a female's appearance, to be like a statue." Miss D. "O, my dear, the very point of perfection—the fine broad back—shoulders peeping out—the whole person marked by loose drapery"—Mr. Maddox. "Trash!" Sophia. "O, nothing can be so divine—so Venus-like,—so unlike the horrible ruffs, tuckers, and stiff stays of our grandmothers. I declare, I am so glad I did not live in those days!" Mr. M. "Trash! trash!" "You do not seem to like your book, Sir," said Campbell. "Not much, my friend." Miss D. "I declare that a young lady came to my aunt's ball, last winter, who looked exactly like a statue with *damp drapery* thrown over it, when she stood still—she looked very pale and cold, and that favoured the likeness." Sophia. "Perhaps, sister, she was *sponged*." Maria. "Sponged! what's that?" "Only her cloaths *damped*, to make them hang more elegantly. Maria. "I should not much like to personate a
I 5 statue,

a statue, if those were the terms." Miss D. "O, 'tis very well in summer—but poor thing, she did not dance, nor seem to enjoy any thing—afraid, I suppose, of her cloaths dropping off; and she died unfortunately just as we left town—but that might have happened without *sponging*, or any such thing; only her mother always said she would kill herself if she went on in that way; but she could not prevent it." Mr. Maddox got up, and marched out of the room, repeating something to himself, in Latin, I think, and striding up and down the lawn.

"What an odd creature that is!" said Miss Delme; "he's deaf and dumb, is he not?" "Not quite," said Selina, smiling at Campbell. "Why, he never, talks about any thing amusing," said the youngest, "and he looks so growling and queer: I could not bear such a creature in the house." The horses were brought to the door, and we accompanied the
young

young ladies to accommodate them in mounting ; but Miss Delme, putting her foot into the groom's hand, was up in an instant ; while Sophia, her horse being taller, was obliged to put an arm round his neck to accomplish the same end, and away they scampered.

March 16.

WE fell into a discussion, after dinner to-day, on the present modes, and the objects of education ; the present practice not being altogether approved.

“The true object of education,” said Lady Jerningham, “never seems to have been properly marked out, or clearly understood—that of forming a creature to be useful and valuable here, and to be a candidate for immortal bliss hereafter.

“Our grandmothers were as far wide of the mark, when they made a mere housekeeper, as we are at the present period, in forming a dancer for the stage, or a performer for a concert.” Mr. Maddox. “Always one absurd extreme or another; and because our grandmothers thought of nothing but cross-stitch, pickling and preserving, we are to leave all the useful œconomy of a family entirely out of the question. We are to rear up a puppet, to be looked at, forgetful of the soul, which must survive it—a part of us, which cannot be nourished by jigs or songs—by scraps of idle poetry, wretched novels, and such trash; but, which requires food, solid and ever-during as itself——sound knowledge—celestial hopes, divine wisdom, the word of GOD—the fulfilment of his glorious promises to those, who in earnest seek him.”—A pause of silent attention followed. Sir William. “The great error of the present plan seems to be an insatiate
craving

craving after a variety of unimportant acquisitions, while useful and solid knowledge is neglected. It seems to be supposed necessary, that a young lady should know a little of every thing, and nothing thoroughly. ‘The assiduous accumulation of too many accomplishments lessens the vigour, strength, and usefulness of the mind: as the accumulation of too great a number of sweets from the flower-garden, weakens, injures, and sickens the constitution, if we inhale them constantly.’ Mr. Maddox. “The head of a young lady under the present multifarious plan of acquirements, music, singing, botany, jappanning, chemistry, painting on velvet, and making shoes and hats, must very much resemble one of the shops we see in a petty country town; where bread — combs — gingerbread — blacking — lard — brushes — butter — onions, and old shoes are intermingled, and sometimes pretty neatly incorporated together.

March 18.

OUR dear young Campbells are gone, and we know not how to fill up the void. Yesterday was, indeed, a day of silence and gravity. The preceding evening was very trying—Maria pretended to have caught cold, and left us early—Selina had got the head-ache: in short, no one seemed well or happy.—The last evening that dear friends are to pass together, seems an awful period in their feelings—it is so likely, if distance and time of absence are considerable, that they may not all meet again. Yesterday morning, Lady Jerningham did not come down to breakfast: her beloved child took leave of her up-stairs, and hurried to the carriage, her bonnet over her face; Sir William giving her his last blessing; poor
Maria

Maria ran to her room, to hide her emotion.

Campbell gained upon our affections every day, and is greatly improved, in all respects, since we first knew him; and, particularly, since he has assumed his new character. He is, the tender and kind husband, without the aid of foolish flattery or adulation, without supposing his wife an unerring mortal; and is most anxious that she should omit no duty or good action in her power.

When we first knew him, there was occasionally a little vanity and obstinacy about him; a little love of novelty and singularity: but he has grown more diffident, as he has grown wiser; and being now more capable of judging, is less prompt to decide; fully aware that many years are requisite to settle the opinions properly on all subjects; and that young people are particularly given to change,
and

and therefore often contradict themselves, and betray the unsettled weakness of their characters.

Adieu, my dear aunt,

ever truly,

A. S.

CHAPTER IX.

JOSEPH II. AND HIS WIFE.—MR.
MADDOX AND MARIA.—DISTRESS-
ING RUMOURS FROM BRIGHTON.

March 19.

A FORGIVING Christian temper became the subject of our conversation, yesterday. Bishop Burnet was mentioned, who was said to be of so very placable and kind a nature, so ready to forgive, that you had but to give him cause of offence, to ensure his kindness and good-will.

“ I think, I have never,” said Sir William, “ met with a stronger instance, a more pleasing one, at least, of a truly unresenting temper, than in the character of Joseph II. when quite a young man. From some peculiarity, not always to be accounted for, his parents,
Francis

Francis I. and Maria Theresa, took an early dislike to him, and treated him with unjustifiable harshness and coldness; while on his brother, Charles, who was a year younger, a lad of a bold, ambitious and aspiring disposition, they lavished all their partiality and affection. Joseph, they fancied to be dull, unfeeling, void of talents: and, it must be confessed, that his was not a character which spontaneously or suddenly unfolds itself; but required the warmth of encouraging affection, to develope its best qualities. His governor always asserted, that the Archduke Joseph was a very different character from what he appeared to be. This darling son, Charles, was snatched from his fond parents, at the age of sixteen. When his mother sat weeping by his bed-side: 'Console yourself, madam,' he said; 'had I lived, I should have given you much greater cause of sorrow.' The two brothers could never agree; but Joseph avoided
all

all competition, and submitted in silence to the coldness and neglect he experienced—But on the lamented death of Charles, how did the brightness of his character shine forth!—He redoubled every affectionate attention to the parents who had so unjustly slighted him; and so completely won their hearts, that his mother, at length, doated on him. His father, while at Inspruck, was suddenly seized with an apoplexy, in coming out of the opera. This tender son flew to him, took him in his arms, and displayed the most heart-felt sorrow. He had accepted the choice of his parents, in a wife, whom he loved with a tender affection. When he took leave of his mother, previously to his first campaign, she fainted in his arms; and upon his return from the war, he travelled on alone, *incog.* hastily, to enjoy the pleasure of surprising her: quitting his travelling carriage, he ran up a private staircase, and was in her arms before
she

she knew that he was expected." Lady Jerningham. "And yet, this amiable man was not a favourite of his subjects; he was not a popular king. Cox, the historian, does not, altogether, place him in a favourable point of view." Mr. Maddox. "In speaking of Joseph, we must separate the man from the emperor—the politician from the son, or friend. He was possessed with a restless spirit of reform, which did not sufficiently respect the prejudices of his subjects; with a passion for war and aggrandizement, which did not leave his people sufficiently in repose. He was too active, too busy; he wanted judgment and moderation." Sir William. "Cox says, that the natural restlessness and irritability of Joseph's character, gradually subsided at the approach of death; and he prepared for that awful change with the most ardent piety and calm resignation.

"One

“ One of the most amiable traits of his character was the delight he took in the company of virtuous women ; his friendship for the Countess Windersgratz is well known, and his grief for her death. He latterly formed a little circle of respectable intelligent females, with whom he regularly passed his evenings. The night before his death, he wrote a letter, which was found in his cabinet ; it is a pleasing and affecting composition :

‘ To the Five Ladies who bore with my society.

‘ The moment draws nigh, in which it is time to take a last farewell ; and to thank you for the patience and kindness you have shewn me for so many years, during which, I have never regretted one day passed in your company. The idea of quitting it, is the only act of resignation that causes me pain.

‘ In regard to myself, I cannot be sufficiently grateful for the decrees of Providence ; relying upon whom, I await
my

my dissolution with perfect resignation. Remember me, and think of me also in your prayers.—You will see, by my writing, the state I am in.

‘Once more, adieu!’

“You slightly mentioned Joseph’s marriage,” said Lady Jerningham; “some peculiar and interesting circumstances are attached to the history and character of his wife, Maria, Infanta of Parma: she was agreeable in her person; her mouth, pretty; her teeth, fine; her eyes animated; but when silent or thoughtful, her countenance lost its attractions. A strong prepossession, that she should not continue long in this world, impressed a religious melancholy on her mind and exterior, and seemed to detach her from objects of sense. She had a highly cultivated understanding, and was greatly accomplished,

accomplished, particularly in music. She married in her twentieth year, and all her fine talents were successfully exerted to render herself an amusing and interesting companion to her husband, who loved her with the tenderest affection; but it was suspected, that her heart remained untouched by the marks of his passion; and still more, that it had been pre-occupied by another object: she had, certainly, expressed a desire to take the veil. While in society, she always endeavoured to assume a degree of cheerfulness: but no sooner was she retired into her own apartment, than she sunk into melancholy and dejection, which no endeavours on the part of those about her, could dissipate.

“She lay-in of a daughter, of whom she was doatingly fond; but when her friends tried to attach her to life, by this tender object, which might be a blessing to herself and to the imperial family; ‘Do not imagine,’ said she, ‘that my infant
will

will remain with you ; she will survive me six or seven years at the farthest ;' which in fact actually happened. Her active temper continually impelled her to some new pursuit or employment, which must be considered as a very extraordinary trait when joined with a melancholy that seemed habitual. Thus were united in her a mind naturally pensive, capable of deep impressions and strong attachments, with an exterior energetic and active, interesting, amusing, and affectionate. Her husband delighted in her society, and whenever she appeared in public, rarely failed to accompany her ; usually carried her cloak on his arm, and shewed in all his actions, the tender interest which he took in her felicity.

“Preparations were making for the archduke being crowned king of the Romans. ‘These things,’ said she, ‘regard not me; I shall not be queen of the Romans.’”

‘On the evening that she had completed her twenty-second year, she suddenly

denly sunk down on the ground—soon after the small-pox appeared. Joseph attended her through every stage of the distemper, scarcely quitting her bed-side, till she breathed her last; when, sinking under excess of fatigue and grief, his attendants were obliged to carry him away by force.

“He was long inconsolable for her loss, and always retained the warmest attachment to her memory; loved to dwell on her praises, and to shew her picture, which he wore in the case of his watch. They were both born in the same year. The little archduchess Theresa died soon after she had completed her seventh year, which greatly renewed the grief of Joseph.” Maria. “Sweet creature, this name-sake of Parma—I shall love my name better. Surely, mamma, a more interesting couple cannot have existed—so soon separated. In every part of her history there is something enigmatical and mysterious, that attracts one more than all

the plain open melancholy histories in the world. One longs to know more about her : perhaps she feared to give her heart fully to her husband, knowing it was early destined to her God." Lady Jerningham. " Cox slightly mentions the young archduchess, and has none of these particulars in his history ; I met with them in some *memoirs*."

March 21.

MARIA and Mr. Maddox are become the greatest friends imaginable ; that which commenced in flippancy and gentle reproof, has ripened into a high mutual regard ; and the usual gravity—almost austerity—of our male friend, is frequently relaxed into most pleasing and benevolent smiles, at the amusing gaiety and openness of her conversation.

Yesterday she came in from a walk with —
him

him through the grounds, delighted with the conversation they had had; and ran to her room to minute down some particulars. She says it is very imperfect, and does not contain half the useful thoughts; which she hopes are treasured in some corner of her memory, to come forward as occasion may serve. You must take it as it is, dear madam.

“What shall you read? Why, not merely books of learning, nor tedious and uninteresting details of dry and unimportant matters. Read books that cause you to think; that draw forth your best feelings, and make you sensible that you are not merely a parrot, to repeat what you hear and read; but a reflecting and sentient creature—a being endued by the Divinity with the finest and noblest sensations; with a quick perception of every thing grand, good, and benevolent.

“ Read Richardson on painting.”—“ I do not understand painting.” “ But I

suppose you understand—or rather wish to understand—religion, philanthropy, gratitude, content; delight in all excellence and virtue. I know no book in which every emanation of an exalted and refined mind beams in brighter colours—a book by which the heart is more enlarged—the taste improved. Every part is excellent in some way: but from about page 230, quarto edition, to the end, must afford delight to every sensible mind, must improve every good heart. It is the overflowing of a mind fraught with fine taste—with an enthusiastic and generous delight in every species of excellence; enjoying with gratitude, the various sources of mental delight, which a merciful Being presents to us in alleviation of our many sorrows and trials. With that fine taste and feeling, so peculiarly his own, he says—‘ The contemplation of the glowing and beautiful tints of an evening sky are sufficient to alleviate, for the time, many of the sorrows of life, and fill the
soul

soul with bright and pleasing reflections.' And there is a fine idea of filling the mind with agreeable mental pictures, which biography will assist you in collecting, and reflection will turn to useful purpose.

“ Read *Sir Joshua Reynolds's Lectures on Painting—Price*, on the Picturesque; these, and many more such books, will draw forth the latent taste; unfold bright germs of enjoyment, and purify the heart, by filling it with innocent images of satisfaction.

“ Many a well-disposed young lady might, I imagine, have escaped some unfortunate and wretched attachment, had she been early engaged in the pursuit of rational, intellectual improvement: had her mind been filled with elevated and interesting ideas; for pre-occupation of the ground is more than half the battle: had her own standard of manly excellence been rather raised above the insipid flow of words, which she hears

with such admiration from the scarlet-coated hero in a ball-room, with about as much meaning in them as the drum in the streets.

“I am not pretending to give you a list of all the books a young lady should read; your judicious mother has doubtless laid the foundation of all useful information: but I can venture without reserve, to say what you should *not* read. *Never read Novels*, or little gaily-dressed volumes of sing-song loose poetry;—all these are much more than loss of time, which, at your age, is of itself an invaluable consideration. They impress images and ideas on the ductile mind, which must tend to lessen its purity and simplicity, and draw it from the enjoyment of truth and nature.

“All these considerations, at your age, are of the highest importance; though a period, not very far distant, may arrive, when you may occasionally vary your reading, and amuse your imagination by
some

some of the best productions of fancy, without any detriment, and with some pleasure. Then your mature judgment will enable you to discern their defects.

“ The only period that I can allow your sex to indulge themselves in perusing such books, if they really admire them, is, from the time they become wives, until the period when their own daughters may be anxious after such light attractive matter, and then *they must be banished*. I have seen a judicious mother deny herself the indulgence of perusing a favourite new work of the kind, lest her daughters, who were generally with her, should wish for the reading of what appeared, perhaps, not unamusing to herself.

“ But—my dear little titterer—if I allow you at some future period to run your eye over unexceptionable novels, never will I permit you, not even if you were *fifty*, to employ your mind with such trifles in a morning. The early part

of the day, like the early part of life, is invaluable: there is always something important to be done, or thought of: if you take down a trifling book, you will neglect some duty, omit some better employment, and forget how time runs away.

“ Read *Mangen* on Light Reading—it is a valuable book for young persons. Some spare time, by and by, you may read *Whiston's Josephus*. I feel fearful of comparing any book with the Holy Scriptures; but as this treats of the same events and periods, we may venture to say that some parts and circumstances are pourtrayed with more striking and beautiful simplicity, than even by Moses. Perhaps this may be dependent on translation; but there are most captivating and excellent sentiments interspersed, in the most simple and attractive dress. It is a fine companion to, and illustration of holy writ. This is a book to read by yourself, as many are read to more advantage

vantage in that way: You dwell on the fine and touching parts, and minute down your own remarks; and those which are not so pleasing, you skim over as not wishing to retain them."

March 23.

SOME very distressing accounts from Brighton have thrown the family into the greatest uneasiness. It seems the Marquis had been absent some little time, when Lady D. suddenly disappeared, and it is understood that she went away with a lady, with whom she had formed a sudden intimacy; but whose character is lightly spoken of, and whose house was the resort of all the idle unprincipled men of fashion in that place. There is a strange letter from Lady Wilson, expressing suspicions of Sir William having persuaded his daughter, because her hus-

band had deserted her, to desert her best friend and protector, (herself) which, she says, was conducted with the most consummate art; a pretended indisposition on her part, induced her aunt to leave her at home, while she accompanied a party on the water; soon after which, she drove off with Mrs. N—, to whom she knew Lady Wilson had a decided aversion: and would never have sanctioned her openly associating with. Sir William has determined to set off early to-morrow morning with Henry, to persuade his daughter, if possible, to return with him: at any rate not to leave her till her husband is with her.

Poor Lady Jerningham suffers under the most distressing anxiety—it is a trying moment; her fears are not to be reasoned down.

March 24.

SIR William is gone; but, alas! we are under great apprehensions for our excellent Mrs. Cooper. A confused rumour of these unpleasant circumstances were thoughtlessly conveyed to her by a servant; she was very unwell before, and had been for some time past—the effect was most alarming; after a little struggle, she fell into a sort of fainting fit, which lasted a considerable time;—indeed, we feared she was entirely gone: when she recovered, a sort of convulsive tremor succeeded, which, after a while, terminated in a stupor, from which she has been roused by the application of blisters. The physician says, her disorder is paralytic, and that her complaints have always had that tendency; that her state is very alarming, but not hopeless.

Lady Jerningham's accumulated distress and apprehension, call for all my attention. Her Selina gone too! Maria

is an excellent nurse to her beloved aunt, and the two younger ones every thing that is good and charming to their mother; they are constantly with us.—I must give myself up to these dear friends, and, perhaps, may not write for some days.

Adieu, my dearest Madam,

A. S.

CHAPTER X.

WATTS.—LETTER FROM SIR WILLIAM.

—DEATH OF MRS. COOPER.

March 26.

FEELINGLY alive to the anxieties of this estimable family, and sensible how much the kind offices of friendship are required to mitigate their sorrows, I have not allowed myself the indulgence of my writing closet, lest I should be drawn on to neglect the opportunities of sympathizing attention, which might present themselves.

Our revered and respected friend has, in a great degree, recovered the first shock of her alarming attack—but there is a languor and debility about her; there is a calmness, abstractedness, and heavenly composure, that, to my apprehension, speak a pretty plain language:—a body
sinking

sinking into the grave—a soul preparing to take its flight. Lady Jerningham does not seem so apprehensive; she is ready to flatter herself; she is willing to catch at every favourable symptom; she wishes to be so flattered by others. A smile from the dear invalid elates her—a few cheerful words act like a cordial upon her spirits.

It was settled, when Sir William left home, that he should not write till he had something satisfactory to communicate, concerning his daughter, and we are in hourly hopes of a letter from him. To vary the usual train of thought, and lighten many uneasy moments, I have been turning over some excellent books, rather of the serious kind, to interest Lady Jerningham: among others, WATTS's *Lyric Poems*, sacred to devotion—to virtue—to death,—charmed us much. The amiable character given of him by the stern and rigid Johnson, although he was a dissenter, prepossesses one in
favour

favour of every thing from his pen. The two last divisions of his book are, I think, more pleasing than the first part. There is one, intitled, "*Strict Religion very rare*;" which concludes with a charming picture of a married couple, not *exactly*, I apprehend, applicable to the general state of our fashionable young couples, who seem to be rather helping one another down the 'broad descending road,' than aiding each other to rise. "*Freedom*" is a spirited composition, and may naturally be applied by the reflecting mind at present.

There is a pleasing sensible article, "To *Mrs. Bendish—Against Tears*," which I would recommend to the tender dissolving misses, who weep over silly books; or at the cruelty of rigid parents, who will not let them be miserable for life, if they can prevent them.

The lines "On burning several Poems of Ovid, Martial, Oldham, Dryden, &c." pleased us much, and caused many
serious

serious reflections. If, thought I, every parent, who had the ultimate good of his offspring really at heart, were to retire to his study, and burn, or *consign to a dark closet*, every work which can corrupt their youthful minds; how valuable an employment of his discriminating powers!—And a “pretty tolerable bonfire he might make,” I hear my aunt exclaim; “on the contrary, are not the most exceptionable writers put in the way, nay into the hands of youth of both sexes?”

“It cannot,” said Mr. Maddox, after a long silence, upon reading the lines just mentioned, “be sufficiently lamented, that the earliest tastes of our youth, are, by the established plans of education, contaminated by the most loose and exceptionable writers; that their young heads are crammed with all the contemptible *filthy* rubbish, I might say, of Pagan mythology, before the sublime and beautiful purity of the Christian system has
had

had time to be planted and take root in their minds. This is sacrificing morals to languages, which are only the vehicle of obtaining wisdom, not the thing; the key, not the treasure. Cannot a foundation of religious and useful knowledge be laid, before the whole time and faculties are engaged in acquiring the dead languages? or can they not go hand in hand? cannot boys learn languages as girls do, after, or with their other acquirements? When the proper foundation is laid, languages should be the pillars in raising and strengthening the superstructure."

This appears to me just reasoning, though a subject rather out of my line: but I remember a gentleman of taste and learning, and also of religion and discrimination, lamenting the trash with which his head had been filled, at a time when it might have been instructed in the sublimest truths, fed with the most interesting and rational English knowledge;
for

for the ignorance of a school-boy is quite proverbial. At ten years of age, I was, (thanks to my kind instructress) furnished with clearer ideas in astronomy and geography, than, to my great surprise, a school-boy of sixteen, my cousin B. had acquired. And in all modern history their ignorance is as lamentable.

March 27.

A LETTER just come from Sir William to our great comfort. I copy it.—

“FROM SIR WILLIAM JERNINGHAM.

“I PASS over all unimportant details, to inform my dearest Maria, that I have found our Harriet ; free, I trust, through the blessing of God, from ignominy, or self-criminating reproach. My anxiety and impatience have been extreme ; happily

pily, not fruitless. As soon as I could ascertain, at Brighton, whither Mrs. N. was gone, I set off for the place the next morning, and arriving soon after dinner, sent in my name, waiting to be admitted; which seemed to be a work of some deliberation and difficulty: at length it was effected; but with what seeming embarrassment and discomposure! and what a reception was a father compelled to be content with from his child! One thing pleased me; our Harriet, I thought, seemed confused and much agitated; not easy nor confident.

There was a gay set assembled, among them a brother of Mrs. N.'s whose looks and manners I like not. I was obliged quietly to submit to being eyed as a troublesome intruder; but having made up my mind as to the line of duty I should pursue, I felt little concern on that account. Poor Henry! I felt more for him than myself. Naturally unobtrusive and shy, he was forced to endure
the

the haughty and scrutinizing glances of these conceited and empty fashionables, as inferior to him, ‘as I to Hercules,’ yet assuming a supercilious and superior air, and exchanging looks, as if amused with the rustic visitors: for you must have observed, my love, that often your people of high fashion, are the most ill-bred in the world.

“I took an early opportunity of saying a few words to Harriet apart—mentioned Mrs. Cooper’s illness, and your anxious desire to see her—that I had ordered beds at the inn, but should be with them soon in the morning, and entreated her to give me an hour’s conversation with her alone. She appeared distressed and uneasy; I was glad to see it.

Mrs. N. was cold and ceremonious enough, but that was of little consequence. Viewing them with my *countrified* natural eyes, how trifling, how frothy, how insignificant did this gay set seem: as I passed the hall, incessant
talk

talk and senseless laughter saluted my ears; but in a moment all seemed flat and dull, and after the little bustle of a stranger's entrance had subsided, it became difficult to draw out a word: they seemed hunting for something which was not to be found. One gay spark inquired after another's horse, and a third was witty with a pair of scissars, upon a young lady's work. I soon took my leave—and this morning, my best love, I have had a long interview with my child; and a painful yet satisfactory impression remains upon my mind.

“ I determined to throw into my manner and address to her, all the tenderness and interest for her welfare, which were, I trust, not absent from my heart, in spite of the late precipitate step. I asked after her husband,—‘ Where was he?’ she could not tell.—‘ Had he written to her?’ ‘ No.’ ‘ Nor she to him?’ ‘ No.’ ‘ The greatest anxiety fills the heart of myself and your dear mother, my Harriet,
on

on account of the society you are now in: I am assured that it is not such as will do you credit.' 'All ill-nature and malice.' 'Is it such as your husband would be satisfied you should keep?' Harriet. 'Why, truly, if my husband deserts me, I think I am at liberty to choose my own society, at least of my own sex.' 'If your husband deserts you, my love, you must not desert yourself—you are amenable to your God, and to the world for your conduct and example. No inattention of your husband's can absolve you from your own imperative obligations. A little proper reflection may restore him to his home: your own unspotted conduct may attach him to it; your subsequent address render it pleasant to him.' Harriet. "But am I to be studying how to make home pleasant to him, when he appears to have no inclination to enjoy it with me?" 'Yes; you are a Christian and a woman; and, as both, must bear a great deal without recrimination, and without

without its being known even that you suffer and forgive. Perhaps if all the severe trials of this nature were generally known, your sex would be more deliberate and cautious in forming such connections than they generally are.

“ Your mother, my Harriet, joins with me in requesting that you will return with me to the paternal roof. I will write to the Marquis this day, and intreat him to meet you there.’ ‘ Impossible ! I have promised to stay a month with Mrs. N.’ ‘ It *must not* be impossible, my child.—Convinced, as I am, of the impropriety of your remaining here, I stir not from this place without you. If you will not accompany me, I remain a watchful guardian of every movement about this house, till your husband returns. — Must a father supplicate his daughter to give him her company ?’

“ She turned her head from me, and burst into tears :—‘ Ah ! why was I ever separated from him !’ This was a distressing

distressing appeal.—‘I am a wretched, wretched woman! All has been wrong! My habits, my hopes—my motives! and he for whom I have irretrievably offended my parents, cares not for me!’ I was greatly moved; I pressed her hand in mine—‘Use not such an expression, my love; it is *impossible* that a child can so offend; return to us; we will forward an united invitation to your husband: all may yet be well.’ She sunk into my arms, and sobbed on my shoulder.

“This, Maria, is not a hardened, but an erroneous heart: with the blessing of God, we may still regain, and fix it upon what is right. ‘We must use all innocent arts,’ I proceeded, ‘to draw this wanderer to us: what are his tastes and pleasures, Harriet?’ ‘Horses!’ ‘Not a very noble one: but for want of a better, you must humour, and fall in with it. You must beg him to bring his beautiful bays, that he may drive out with you. It is more than possible to fall into lower and
and

and more dangerous partialities. Though we cannot raise the standard very high, we must not let it sink in the dust if we can help it. You must endeavour to render your society pleasant to him, by joining with him in innocent fancies and propensities; and when it can be done, try to raise his taste to something superior: think it not a lost case.' She pressed my hand—'Why have I been deprived of such an instructor?'

"These, dearest Maria, were delightful moments. I proceeded—'You will go with me to-morrow?' 'Certainly, if you think it right.' 'We will then immediately write to the Marquis: to-morrow night we will pass at Brighton, and visit your aunt, that your going with me may appear evident.' 'Alas!' said she, 'I have pursued happiness; but have not found it.' 'You got into the wrong track, my love; but it is not too late, I trust, to do right. If you do not gain all that you hope for, you will enjoy the

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comfort of feeling that you are doing *your* duty, my child ; and you will pray to God to assist and sanctify your earnest endeavours and good intentions. You promise to be ready to-morrow morning. I must leave to you the adjustment of ceremonious excuses to a woman who must be conscious she is not a fit person for you to associate with.

“ Tenderly embracing her, I left the house, and have this evening a note from her to beg my carriage may take her up at eight o’clock in the morning.

“ When I related the substance of this morning’s conversation to our Henry, tears filled his eyes, and he walked to the window without uttering a word.

“ I hope, my best love, we shall find our excellent friend greatly recovered ; and that our meeting will be cheerful and happy.

“ Ever, dearest Maria,

“ Your devoted husband,

“ WILLIAM JERNINGHAM.”

Lady

Lady Jerningham was so much affected by this letter, so thankful, so greatly relieved from her anxieties, that she durst not trust herself in the chamber of her aunt; but deputed me to go, and quietly to state to her the principal contents of it.—

After a little pause, she raised her hands together—"Blessed be God, that this beloved family are preserved from a state of reproach and misery."—She remained silent.—Soon after, I left the room; but when, above an hour afterwards, I returned with Lady Jerningham, a hectic flush—an unnatural brightness of the eyes appeared; yet she seemed happy and composed. There was something angelic in her look; we were both struck with it: it seemed as if early beauty had again resumed its

place. Lady Jerningham appeared awe-struck.—Mrs. Cooper began—“ These are joyful moments, Maria. —I must have all that remain to me of this dear family around me ;—you must have your tea brought in here ; we must take our repast together.” Lady Jerningham could not speak ; went out, and returned with the three girls.

We sat around her bed—how extremely sweet were her words and voice !—She spoke in general terms of the great causes she had for thankfulness, for so many years of comfort and joy, and most particularly now, that no heavy affliction was upon those she most loved.—You must all be very joyful, my children, and make your dear mother so. Poor Lady Jerningham was greatly affected, and, under some pretence, left the room. The girls soon followed, and I was going ; but she motioned me to remain ; I sat down.

“ My worthy friend, I want to talk
freely

freely to some one:—my dear niece is so afflicted—so full of anxiety, that I cannot open my heart to her;—I cannot say to her, I shall not long be with you. I feel that life is gradually sinking from me.—Would to Heaven, I could shed over the hearts of those I love, that sweet calm, which, through the goodness of God, I enjoy: I am neither indifferent to them, nor anxious to remain.—My firm trust in the blessed Sacrifice supports me;—not any merits of my own.—I am more than happy:—my children await me.” Seeing me much affected, she pressed my hand;—“Good night, my dear friend,—may God ever bless and comfort you, as you will endeavour to do those I leave here.” I hurried to my own room.

It is now past ten o'clock. Lady Jerningham is gone to take leave, for the night, of her beloved aunt;—she will not suffer any of the family to sit up with her: sickness, she says, causes

anxiety enough, without adding to it bodily fatigue and indisposition.

March 28.

OUR dear saint is taken from us. After some hours of composed sleep, a sudden alarming change occasioned her nurse hastily to call Lady Jerningham, early in the morning.—She just received the last pressure of her hand,—one sigh,—and all was peace !

I have not seen Lady Jerningham: I will not interrupt that flow of grief which an affectionate heart must feel for so beloved a friend. It is in vain to reason;—nature will have her dues.—These are the refiners of the heart, and nurture our best qualities. “By the sadness of the countenance, the heart is made better.” I rather regret that Sir William was not returned; that the
hoped-

hoped-for joy of their meeting is thus destroyed.

Late at Night.

I have entered the chamber of death. It is an awful yet salutary scene. Thus shall end our brightest enjoyments—our sharpest sorrows.—Then why exult in possessions, or grieve overmuch at afflicting deprivations?

Death, in this shape, appears not terrible; a most heavenly sweetness remains on the face of her we have lost.

Mrs. Norton, who knew her in early life, says, all the tranquil softness of former days has again returned, producing the beauty of a fine marble figure. This, I am told, is not very uncommon.—When human pains and sorrows are no more, the divine spark leaves its own heavenly expression on the passive carcase;—the stamp that all is bright and happy in a blessed and perfect state.

Adieu, dearest madam,

A. S.

CHAPTER XI.

MISCELLANEOUS.——RETURN FROM
BRIGHTON.— FUNERAL.—ARRIVAL
OF LORD D.—REMARKS, AND
CONCLUSION OF THE NARRATIVE.

March 31.

I HAVE had several tranquil conversations with Lady Jerningham: she has now gained considerable composure; but speaks with all the enthusiasm of friendship of her departed aunt,—a feeling which is always so greatly augmented when we lose a near and dear friend, though, in this instance, there was no deficiency before. Now and then these expressions and marks of affection are restrained till they can be no longer manifested to the object of them, and are then poured forth in useless lamentations to those who are uninterested about them.

them. I remember an expression being repeated, as I thought, with good effect. Mrs. — was said by some one to appear greatly affected by the death of her husband; “O yes,” said another, “very *affected* indeed.” Still, there is in human nature a propensity to be dissatisfied with trifles whilst a friend is living with us, and to magnify their virtues and our loss when we can no more enjoy their society. Could it be otherwise—could we feel for them whilst we have them, that sanctified reverence that we cast over their memories, we should be too happy.

You remember CRABB on this subject: he is feelingly just; yet human nature will be such still, and daily trials and little vexations will prevent our being too fond of those we live with.

Lady Jerningham says, the exalted merits of her aunt were never thoroughly known.—“Her’s were the passive and endearing virtues, which are to be re-

warded in a better state, though often unknown here : there are points of virtue of that exquisitely delicate nature, that, to make them known, would instantly destroy their existence. Talk not of great heroic actions ; self-devotion with the eyes of the world upon you : one silent unknown instance of patient endurance and forgiveness is worth them all. Yet heroism is useful too, and must not be discouraged or under-rated.

“ If there was a defect,” continued Lady Jerningham, “ in my aunt’s character and conduct, it was a want of firmness, of self-consequence.—Married early to a man much older than herself, and naturally of a timid disposition, she was in the habit of surrendering her own judgment ; and, to please her husband, falling into habits and expenses which she totally disapproved, and did not enjoy. That her own abilities and judgment were infinitely superior to his, I have certain testimony in many affecting papers

pers which I have found in her bureau, but never saw before, except the little sonnet; I found it on her table, and read it without asking leave.

“ I am looking over and arranging these papers; some day we will peruse them together, when I am more collected than at present.

April 2.

SIR William and his daughter arrived last night; and foreseeing that the meeting must be an affecting one, I kept out of the way.—Mr. Maddox was deputed to inform Sir William of the afflicting loss we had sustained; and when the first emotion, caused by an unexpected event of this nature, was subsided, Lady Jerningham flew to embrace her husband and child. They remained in the library

that evening, and I did not see them till this morning. Lady D——, I am told, evinced much sensibility and contrition, and her manners and appearance are grave, modest, and respectful: the experience of some sorrow and mortification, has quickened her feelings, and rendered her more fully sensible of the tenderness and value of her parents. She is at present a loser in beauty, but is likely to be a gainer in mental charms; she appears dejected, and careless about her dress—it is a favourable symptom.—When a woman is not mortified by the negligence of him she ought to endeavour to please, it is to be feared she will be desirous to please those she ought not; and then it is a lost case.

A paper was found in Mrs. Cooper's pocket-book, containing a particular request that her funeral might be conducted
with

with as little expense as possible; no hearse nor coaches; that six poor men may bear the coffin, and six poor old widows attend as pall-bearers, each to have a grey cloak; and that the Sunday after, twenty Bibles might be given as her bequest.

April 6.

THE last solemn rights are performed—the whole was simply and awfully impressive. No bustle—no parade—no display. Lady Jerningham entreated to be allowed to pay her beloved aunt this last respect; she thought she could answer for herself; though not for her young people, whose feelings are in general less under control.

Sir William and Lady Jerningham, Henry and Mr. Maddox attended, on foot, and all the servants in mourning. I
returned

remained with the young ladies. Lady Jerningham, I am told, maintained a perfect command over her feelings, but was very unwell when she returned, and all the next day.

The respect and regret that every one feels for this estimable woman, is marked by an unusual stillness and composure throughout the house; no laboured harangues upon her virtues; no silly assumption of trifling gaiety.—The soul of every one seems as if filled with salutary reflections on the never-fading value of piety, purity, truth, and sweetness of temper—of well-regulated affections, and spotless intentions.

I am writing out for you, my dear aunt, a few of the MSS. of Mrs. Cooper, which I shall either send, or bring with me, as a separate packet. Some of them
were

were written in early life, and some, as you will perceive, after her severe losses. Some few appear to be extracts.

The health of Sir William is so much shattered by the anxiety he has experienced lately, and his hurried journies, that I find Lady Jerningham has prevailed upon him to pass a month by the sea-side, which always recovers him. I shall certainly join you by the end of this month, and remain at your disposal.

The Marquis is expected, I find, and they will take their excursion all together.

The family have no intention of going to London this year; but at the time that other families meditate that remove, they will travel to the North. Selina will, I believe, anxiously wish for her mother's presence about that time.

We have had an excellent letter from Campbell; his Selina was, he said, much affected, and he could not permit her to write just then.

April 8.

LORD D—— arrived yesterday evening, driving his own carriage; the servants, dogs, and luggage within; a part of the *topsy-turvy* system. But what a strange specimen of nobility; he is not, I hope, a sample of the general run of them—a jockey spoiled. Lady D. seemed agitated, but pleased at his arrival; yet, after very short salutations, &c. on this first introduction to his new parents, he hurried out again to look after his horses; Lady D. was surprized and hurt; there was an aukward pause: “What is become of your husband, Harriet?” If he would endeavour to be as fond of his wife, as of his horses, I think they might do very well, for she is certainly by no means indifferent to him. To do the young peer justice, he seems good-tempered; but there is a certain
unmeaning

unmeaning voluble flow of talk, that does not indicate much of either heart or head—equally interested about every body, equally full of words about an emperor or an ostler; the most important news, or the most common and trivial occurrences—about his horses being knocked up, or the success of the Northern powers in their endeavours to overthrow despotism.

After seeing his *bays* properly disposed of, he behaved very politely to his Marchioness and the rest of the family, and ate as hearty a supper as any stage-coachman in the kingdom could have done.

We cannot help comparing him with our interesting Campbell, and amiable Henry. It is a bad case, but, perhaps, may mend. *Nous verrons*—he is in good hands at present.

April 12.

SOME of the family went out upon a pleasant excursion, yesterday; Sir William was willing to give his son-in-law an opportunity of shewing his horses and his skill; but he could not be satisfied unless his wife mounted the box with him. Sir William gave her a look to request her compliance, and she equipped herself accordingly, the carriage being shut up. It remained for the superior wisdom of the present generation to discover that the carriage was not the proper place for the owners of it; but the coach-box; and that coachmen and grooms are very interesting companions. Certainly, there is no power vested in any one to regulate the taste of another; but it might, I think, be expedient, that the enormous expense of a gentleman's education should be spared to our high families,

families, which are not proportionably rich; and that our young men of fashion should be brought up in a style suitable to the class of associates, and way of life which they prefer; in the veterinary college for instance, instead of the old musty colleges of our universities; where they are so overpowered with ancient lore, wrangling, and drinking.

In three days I shall bid adieu to this truly estimable family, whom I must ever esteem and respect in the highest degree: and from whom, if not myself greatly deficient, I must have gained many valuable and useful ideas.

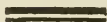
Ever, dearest Madam,

Your affectionate niece,

A. S.

CONCLUSION OF THE NARRATIVE.

PAPERS OF MRS. COOPER.

*Sunday.*

Jer. xii. 9. "Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird; the birds round about are against her; come ye, assemble all the beasts of the field, come to devour."

So it is with the man who gives himself rather more to spiritual things than the generality of his fellow men; who seeks the Lord, and makes his commandments and his words the rule and measure of his actions. Let such an one be just raised above cold, formal, external religion, and the worldlings call to the beasts of the field, that is, the sensual and profane, and
say,

say, "Let us devour his reputation, and give him an ill name, for he is a reproach unto us."

EXTRACTS.

"If you would find a tender sensible heart, one which makes you feel a word, a look—which gives expression even to silence—seek for it in a reasonable woman.—If you would taste the delicacies of love; if you would experience attachment for life—seek for it in a modest delicate woman. But this delicate attachment must not be too deeply tried.

"There are select pleasures for tender and delicate souls. Among many others, that of bearing, silently, harshness and injustice from the objects of our long affection is one, not the smallest. Our early love has drawn a magic circle round
their

their peace and comfort. The person whom you most love is the instrument of punishing you for your general faults. It is the Deity that endues him with this power. Too true—a sharp word, a harsh look, from those we love, proves a severe castigation.

“ There are very few men capable of being affected with the true merit of women. Their most valuable qualities no longer exalt their imaginations.

“ Mankind are ever too ready to conclude those unsusceptible of feeling, who endure sorrows with fortitude. They withhold their compassion, where it ought to be mingled with a sentiment of astonishment and admiration.

“ If we were to judge of love, by most of its effects, we should rather think it resembled hatred than affection.

“ Unreasonable love often ends in something like hatred ; and injuring another, almost invariably produces that horrible feeling.”

Easter Sunday.

AFTERNOON LESSON.

Exodus xiv. 20. "And the pillar of fire came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these; so that the one came not near the other all the night."

To profit by this majestic and striking image, this mark of the discriminating goodness of God to his rebellious people of old; let us place between the attractions and allurements of the world and ourselves, the bright precepts and example of our Saviour and Redeemer—to be a light unto us by night, to guide our steps that we stumble not into pitfalls.

Though to the gay and thoughtless
worldlings,

worldlings, to the scoffers at heart-felt vital religion, this pillar may seem as clouds and darkness ; as a curtailer of their careless pleasures ; as a darkener of their gay prospects—yet, let it be to us a bright and shining light, to conduct our feet into the paths of peace. Thus we may pass through the dangerous sea of this world dry-shod, and in safety ; while the enemies of piety, who would pursue us with sneers and with contempt, shall be swallowed up in the overwhelming waves of wild folly, alluring sin, and wilful forgetfulness of the God who made, and would have preserved them from evil, had, they trusted in him, and leaned not to their own perverse will, nor followed a multitude to do evil.

MILTON says, “ He who neglects to visit the country in spring, and rejects
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the pleasures that are in their full bloom and fragrance, is guilty of a sullenness against nature."

What accumulated guilt of sullenness then, have our modern fashionables to answer for !

" Every one should endeavour to invigorate his mind by study and reflection : to exert the latent force his Maker may have reposed in him."—And above all, I must add, by occasional retirement from incessant bustle.—We know not what spirit we are of.—Many a fine talent perishes, choaked by the weeds of an ever trifling society, and senseless amusements.

Occasional solitude is the nurse of our best qualities ; the strengthener of the mind ; the renewer of our good resolutions ; the only means of perfecting the soul.

Perpetually leaning on others, we should be like the slender vine which cannot stand alone, instead of the firm

oak, supporting itself, and lending friendly aid to others.

It is only by retirement, study, and reflection, that we can know ourselves: what we are, what we ought to be, and what we are likely to be: three very different things.

He who is constantly in company, lives in a constant state of mental intoxication; his thoughts are never perfectly cool, clear, or fixed upon any useful object of meditation.

“Never less alone than when alone.”
The truth of this sentence I have often experienced: frequently in uninteresting company have I felt solitary, weary, and unsatisfied; my mind wanting some resting point: but when withdrawn from the world, when evening closes in, the
book

book is laid down, the curtain drawn, the soul retires within itself; feels its own strength—rallies its powers, meditates on its value, use, and abuse; unrestrained by the praises, censure, or fondness of others. We weigh ourselves in the balance, and are found wanting. ZIMMERMAN says, “The first lesson we learn from reflection is humility; and self-distrust the first proof we give of a knowledge of ourselves.”

No greater disadvantage can attend young persons, of our sex particularly, than that of constant cheerful society, of their own age more especially. It habitually pampers, weakens, and dissipates the mind, increases all their mutual failings: the effect is like that of a number of plants crowded together, which run up weak, heartless, and exhausted—unable to stand alone.

If you have two daughters, let them be accustomed to be each alone; to have their hours of retirement and silent study.

“There are no people so often in the wrong, as those who will not bear to be thought so.”

All the mental perfections—all the elegant feelings of the mind, diminish in proportion as the sensual taste is indulged and predominates. Two powerful monarchs cannot reign in one small kingdom.

He that gives you his mirth, makes a much less present than he who gives you his heart; and they who can set a right value upon any thing, will prize one tender well-meant word, above all those that ever made them laugh.

Sunday.

Isaiah xl. This chapter opens most beautifully and majestically—“Comfort ye,

ye, comfort ye, my people." Ver. 8. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our GOD shall stand for ever."

All our usual comforts, dependencies, and enjoyments may fail; we may be reduced to straits and difficulties; we may be sorrowful, dejected, and afflicted; but the goodness of our GOD shall remain; the bright light from within shall guide and cheer us; conscious right intention, and elevated future hopes, shall banish dejection and despondency, and render us tranquil and cheerful under the heaviest trials, injustice, or oppression.

Chap. xli. 10. "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy GOD: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."—O the comfort, the calm of these blessed words. LORD, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.

Make these sweet innocents sources of cheering comfort, and of active exertion to me.

It strikes me that people are most apt to be annoyed by those defects that they themselves possess—a loud talker, a wrangler, an eternal debater, are, of all others, most ready to cry out, “What a voice! What an endless wrangler!” I really believe that the bustle and racket, to which they so largely contribute, so confound their intellects, that it remains not quite clear to them from whence the tempest proceeds.

So it is with dispositions: the fretful, irritable, and impatient, are most ready to accuse others of being so. The irritation, like the dust in the high road, seems to envelope all together in a cloud, though we cannot say who is most contributing to it.

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Do we happen to live with persons of that temper, we must be content to be often involved in the dust which we do not make ; for sometimes the most simple reply, or reasoning upon some assertion or position, will raise the dust. But it may be said, how are you to be assured that you do not contribute to this annoyance?—we are self-justifiers. Why, by this test : If there are many persons with whom we can live for months, without this dust ever being raised, though with others it cannot be avoided.

We hear much of the wisdom of speech—well-chosen words, and well-turned periods ; but commend me to the wisdom of silence, well timed. One of the most useful exercises of our rationality, is to know when to hold our tongues ; occasionally to refrain from saying what you

know is true and just, in order to stop the torrent of rejoinder.

To hear an assertion that is not correct, and not to answer it, is certainly a trial of our forbearance; but if we happen to be placed among wranglers, it is the only means of peace.

It is inconceivable to one who has never made the experiment, with how much more clearness in such cases we hear and observe conversation; how much more we reflect on what is said, when we are not anxious to talk ourselves.

If any accidental circumstance, sleepiness, or indisposition, for instance, check our own inclination to talk, we hear and reflect as if a person was reading. Your greatest talkers are certainly not the greatest observers; and I would
never

never depend upon an accurate report of one who was himself a great talker.

I was in company, the other night, with a gentleman who seemed to suppose that the small party was assembled to hear him harangue; he wanted not words, and seemed to be confident that his hearers were not deficient in patience.

How very visible to calm observers is the desire to display ourselves:—how very different from the natural and simple overflowing of a reflecting and energetic mind!

Sunday.

What is this life, that we so value; that we take such pains to preserve; that we so dread the termination of? How short will the longest seem, when we look back upon it; and when we think of eternity, what a mere dot! And as to its enjoy-

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ments,

ments, how very mixed, even supposing us to be tolerably prosperous and easy in worldly circumstances. How do frequent disappointments in our fondest hopes; unforeseen accidents; our own failings; the errors of those we love; the loss by death of our most valued connections; keep us in a perpetual state of perturbation and anxiety. Or perhaps, we indolently rust, in the possession of many blessings and means of happiness; our talents stagnate, and prey upon themselves, for want of proper active exertion, converting to morbid disease, that which might have rendered us a consolation and support to others, a blessing to ourselves.

And when we happen to be actively disposed, to what purpose is it? How busy about our dress or our table! To apply this to myself, who feel a desire to discharge my duties, how trifling does the review of a day seem to me, when I
endeavour

endeavour to enlarge my ideas, and take in the great whole.

How much solicitude and thought about concerns no way connected with a future state! I feel ashamed of the littleness of my soul, when I reflect how frequently my temper is discomposed by trifles, not worthy notice. In order to get above these *littlenesses*, we should now and then shut our eyes, as it were, to the world—look forward to eternity—reflect how all these floating atoms will then appear to us; and think of the immensity of space, and the numbers of worlds that are supposed to exist, all under one superintending eye.

I have frequently done this, and felt myself for a moment, above the trifles that so much occupy our minds.—“When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy hands, Lord; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that thou visitest him?”

I bless God, that I have not been cast

into situations, wherein I might have been tempted to live as without Him in the world; that constant, gay, and empty amusements have not drawn from me all reflection and thought upon the true end of my being.—That frequently alone and retired, I have had more time for mental occupations, and, I hope, for acquiring proper resignation and patience.

I will ever bless his goodness, that I have not gaily sailed down the stream of folly and dissipation; I should most probably have gone with the torrent, and been swallowed up in the whirlpools of vanity and irreligion.

Take this world at its best, how dark would it seem but for the bright light within, proceeding from pious hopes, an unsullied conscience, a benevolent heart, a resigned will: the highest joy in it, the hope of a better; and that we may be able, when called, to quit it without any real regret, or any heavy guilt to weigh down our souls.

O, my


O, my gracious God, wean, I beseech thee, my heart from any attachment to a world so compounded of good and evil; prepare my soul for a future state of bliss, and take it to thee when thou shalt think it in a fit state for so awful a change.

“Religious Courtship,” a valuable and useful work, by DANIEL DEFOE, I believe, has all the genuine, ungarbled right principle, and solid sentiment of the former best times, before passion and sickly sensibility had usurped the seats of reason and good sense.

The various connections in which a woman may be miserable without being ill-treated, are pourtrayed with great ingenuity and effect. The following sentiments are invaluable to young women:

“Dear

“ Dear sister, have not you and I often lamented the want of a religious family, of religious conversation to inform, instruct, and explain things to us?—Have we not seen the dreadful life my aunt lived, for want of a religious husband? and can you think I ever would be wife to such another as Sir James? Could I bear to be tied to a man that could not pray to GOD for me, and would not with me? GOD forbid! The greatest estate, and the finest man in the world, should never incline me to such a thought; I thank GOD, my soul abhors it, and it is the joy of my heart, that the snare is broken. For my part, I need no wicked discouragements to pull me back in my duty; nor ill examples to allure me to folly; I want all the assistance possible the other way.”



GROSVENOR "*On the Value, Preservation, and best Improvement of Health,*" is a little work full of uncommon and excellent ideas, all grounded on the brightest piety. Pages 41 and 42 are beautifully religious, ending with, "O blessed GOD! grant that I may make sure of that which will give me pleasure of its own, when all others are gone, and do me some service when nothing else can."

Mrs. OPIE'S "*Simple Tales,*" are simple enough in conscience!—A sketch of one—"The Robber." "A young man, at the instigation of, and to indulge the extravagance of a kept mistress, way-lays a gentleman returning home with a
charitable

charitable subscription, robs, and, upon a struggle ensuing, attempts to murder him—is seized, conducted home, forgiven, and taken into the gentleman's service!! A strong suspicion falling upon him, he absents himself—is afterwards taken up, and put upon his trial—produces the person he was suspected to have murdered; makes a fine speech; is caressed, admired, and invited by the gentry around; reconducted in triumph to his benefactor's mansion, *entrusted with the education of his daughter*, whom he falls in love with, of course. The young lady is not backward in avowing the same tender sentiment. The robber hesitates, through qualms of conscience. The lady begs him to be so kind as to accept her hand, assuring him she never can be happy without him. He kindly consents; and the amiable pair live a model of elevated and virtuous happiness!"—*Cui bono?* That question may be asked of the swarms of Tales, &c. &c. which serve only to fill
circulating

circulating libraries, and to unsettle the heads of idle foolish girls—well if no worse.

“No one is qualified to converse in public, who is not highly contented without such conversation; nor to receive entertainment from others, who cannot entertain himself alone with satisfaction.

“If the closet be not pleasant, the only reason is, that it hath been less frequented than it ought to be. To those who use this retirement properly, it ministers a pleasure and secret consolation, above what any company or diversion can pretend to.”

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

There must, however, be a reflecting mind, and a superinduced habit.

Lord KAMES says, “From fifty years’ experience, I can vouch that the pleasantest

santest companions for conversation, are those who pass some time in their closets in reading and reflection."

' Sunday.

"The Divine benignity is much more diffusive than the light, or the air, (the most communicable element in the world) and filleth every thing according to its measure and capacity of reception; is that which communicates itself to vegetables in life and vegetation; to animals in life and sense; to men, in life, sense, and understanding, which is common to the whole species; and if they reserve but place for it, and do not thrust it from them, in grace also and favour, and acceptance in the bettering and improving by the influences of his love and guidance. Such a fit vessel is the human soul, when empty of pride, self-attribution,

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tion, and vain glory: one that is glad of such guests as the grace, and favour, and acceptance of God, *hath room for them in his heart*, and so becomes a fit tabernacle for that Divine influence which revives the spirit of the humble."

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

I am pleased with the idea of keeping room in the soul for the benign grace of GOD to shed its cheering influence upon us. If we fill our hearts, and occupy our time with various trifling books and amusements, with miscellaneous society and idle conversation; where is there room for those pious thoughts, useful reflections, serious meditations on the true object of this life; preparing ourselves for a better; which occasional retirement and the grace of GOD might afford us? Did we, in the greatest difficulties

culties and afflictions, patiently abide his coming, we should often find ourselves directed and assisted, if we lean not to the vain supports of the world. Sir Matthew Hale afterwards adds upon this subject. "I can call my own experience to witness, that even in the external actions and occurrences of my whole life, I was never disappointed of the best guidance and direction, when in humility, and under a sense of my own deficiency, I have implored the secret guidance of the Divine Wisdom: and I dare therein appeal to the vigilant and strict observation of any man's experience, if he have in sincerity practised the same course."

I fear the evil to be deplored is the lack of this experience in practice.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

O increase

O increase my faith; pity my weakness; pardon my tears. Thou hast taken to thyself that sweet blossom which I was nurturing for thy worship: short was her time; short was my joy: she is thine. O grant me resignation "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." O strengthen my weakness, have pity on me.

Perhaps this dear child, whom a wise God has torn from my embrace, too much occupied my inward thoughts; the care of her improvement—the hopes of her future excellence and virtue, the enjoyment of her rational and sweet conversation.

Lord CLARENDON says, in his reflections upon the *Psalms*: "We must not only abhor the least kind of delight in what is simply evil; restrain our affections from the pride and vanity that is practised in the world, and oblige them to that severe love of virtue that may preserve us entirely innocent; but we
must

must divest ourselves of too much content and pleasure, even in those things and blessings which God sends as the greatest comforts of life.

“ We may give up our hearts so much to these blessings, and take so much pleasure in them, that we may have less consideration than we ought for the greater and lasting joys of eternity ; and then God’s favour towards us will prove to us a sin little short of the snares of worldly and sensual delights.”

All too true !—Yet how difficult is it not to delight in those goods which heaven gives us ! If we see grow up under our fostering care a dear child, whose sweet temper, cultivated understanding, modesty, piety, and goodness, render her the most delightful companion to us—is it possible not to delight in this good ? and deprived of such a treasure, to feel a sad deadness and insensibility to all other blessings ? LORD, lay not this sin to my charge ! But, alas ! the loss of this sweet
companion

companion takes away all relish from my other comforts.

Was I guilty of the sin of priding myself in my child? It is humbled in the dust. Did I look forward with joy and hope to the perfecting of her talents and personal graces?—they are all gone. I can truly say, I never gave to elegance and acquirements that consequence which sterling excellence, virtue, knowledge, and piety alone deserve.

Sunday.

Hebrews xii. 11. "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness

ousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

Grievous, indeed, is it to the flesh to have those we dote upon torn from our love and hopes: we cannot be insensible to these trials—if we could, they were no longer such to us. But for those who endure them with meekness and resignation, there ariseth up light in the darkness; inward peace; a renewal of our holy resolutions; a deadness to the follies and wickedness of the world; a strengthening of our best and purest thoughts; an earnest looking to that blessed home, where pain, and grief, and sorrow shall be no more; but where, in the society of holy souls made perfect, we shall sing eternal hallelujahs to him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever!

April.

SONNET.

TO THE LARK.

I.

SWEET bird, that rising from this nether earth,
Joyous, doth wing thy way to Heaven's high
throne;

And, winging, chaunts the praise of Him alone,
Who to these wondrous beauties could give birth.

II.

Oh! stay thy flight, and stop thy thrilling strains,
And listen to an humble suppliant's pray'r;
One, who from earthly sorrow, pain, and care,
Joyful, would mount to thy etherial plains.

III.

On thy spread wings, Oh! bear my ardent soul
From disappointed hopes; from sorrow's tear;
From vain solicitude, and anxious fear;
From all the darkening clouds that round it roll.

Oh! raise it from this chilling earthly clod,
And bear it to its SAVIOUR, and its GOD!

JOSEPHUS, in narrating *Abraham's sacrifice* of his son, which must be considered as complete, though his hand was stopped ; makes the Great Creator to say, “ That since therefore he was now satisfied as to his activity, and the surprising readiness he showed in this his piety. He was delighted in having bestowed such blessings upon him ; and that his son should live to a great age, &c.”

What valuable reflections, for our own use, may be drawn from this striking lesson !

When we too eagerly cling to those blessings God hath lent to us ; when we are not ready upon threatened deprivations to resign to him his own gifts ; but adhere to them as necessary to our peace. Then does our Maker, by one severe stroke, teach us resignation, and that we must not think any earthly thing necessary to our happiness ; but place our sole trust and confidence in Him, who knoweth
best

best what is good for us. Alas ! I have been guilty of this sin, of eagerly clinging to my earthly joy, and am punished ; I am cast to the ground in sorrow and humiliation.—LORD, pardon my weakness.

Sunday, August.

The Rev. GEORGE HERBERT, in his *Country Parson*, and *Divine Poems*, has a pretty thought upon Sunday being the pillars which bear up heaven, and he calls it

“ O day, most calm ! most bright !

The *fruit* of this, the next world's *bud*.”

Surely, without this holy day of rest, this cessation from worldly thoughts and follies, (which it ought to be) we should be any thing but worshippers of GOD ; vain worldlings, absorbed in sensual pleasures ; which is still indeed too generally the case.

The world is powerful in its attractions, unless we do on that day withdraw our-

selves from its snares ; retire from its fascinations ; commune with our own hearts ; peruse and digest the word of GOD ; the world will gain dominion over us ; we shall remain strangers to our own hearts ; to our GOD, and his holy precepts.

A retired and quiet Sunday, is the delight of the truly pious and reflecting Christian.

The hand of GOD has been upon me : it has bent down, but has not crushed me. —Praised be his goodness—I am again raised from the bed of deep affliction and sickness, to worship him—I wished for release—the thought was impious—it was withheld—our own wishes are not the measures of GOD's dealing with us, either as to life or death.—He taketh from us our treasures ; and bids us still live to repent, and to worship him, in lowliness and resignation.

This darling was my last—last hope ;
my only earthly prop—yet I will not
murmer——He clung to my heart—he
was the delight of my soul—he was all
goodness—God be praised——he is bles-
sed in his presence for ever.

Lord, pardon my tears.

The creature has now no part in me.
I would be all thine, blessed Lord ! yet
fond memory brings him again before
me—he was the joy of my heart. Be
not extreme to mark my weakness. Lord,
I believe—help thou mine unbelief. In-
crease my faith—pardon my tears.

It is one of the sad effects of severe
deprivations to render us dead to the
true value of life ; and insensible to the
many blessings we still ought to be thank-
ful for. It is a great fault, and may
tempt our God to strike still more home,
until

until he has subdued our stubborn spirit.

Wrapt up as I once was in my children, could I ever have supposed I should have survived the loss of them? yet I live and am thankful—thankful that I preserve my senses; that I have still the power to praise him for his mercy in granting to me the tenderness of those dear friends, who in part fill up the deep chasms in my affections.

Under the severest deprivations, there are still many positive blessings which call for our thankfulness.

To have all our wants, nay, delicacies and fancies cheerfully supplied, is a positive blessing; and to have those wants administered by a dear friend, who also comforts, consoles and loves us, is a powerful call upon our gratitude—I have many such:—Lord pardon my past dejections.

To enjoy all our senses; our powers of reflection—a literary taste—the gratification


fication of our mental curiosity—are of themselves positive blessings.

To hear the sweet warblers, on a summer's morning, all raising their little notes to heaven ; to smell the air sweetened and purified by fresh vegetation, even if we could not behold the beauties of nature, would be positive sources of joy and gratitude.

To be able to lie down at night upon a comfortable bed, free from actual pain, or anxious care for the morrow, from deep self-reproach, from wilful sin, is a positive blessing, calling for our daily gratitude : yet how thoughtlessly do we enjoy these and many other blessings. Numbers have lost all their dear connections, and are suffering under poverty and unmerited ignominy ; and I am more loved than I can deserve by dear relatives.

It was not till God was pleased to take from me my most cherished goods, that I became

became sufficiently sensible of the many blessings he had daily nourished me with, that I learned to appreciate them, and to be thankful.



Even had we lost every dear friend : the capacity, power, and opportunity of doing good—of being useful to our fellow creatures, is of itself a positive and great blessing. Many an energetic mind has, by the loss of its domestic comforts, been drawn out to more extensive and profitable usefulness ; and wanting those domestic delights, has cheered, or improved the hearts of thousands—my powers are small—let gratitude and patience at least be mine.

Eternal hopes I clasp to my heart ;
Lord, increase my faith ;
Pardon my past dejections !

THE END.



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